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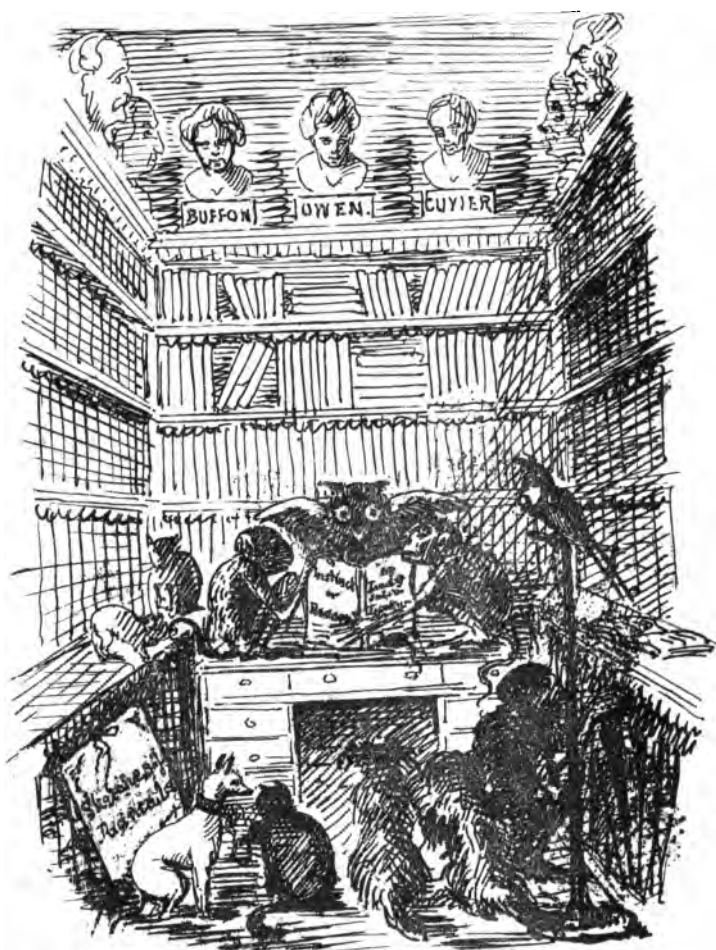
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What is thought of the Book by those to whom it relates.

OR RLA O

By

JOHN W. BROWN

BLOOMINGTON

THE BLOOMINGTON PRESS

1891

1891

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JOHN W. BROWN

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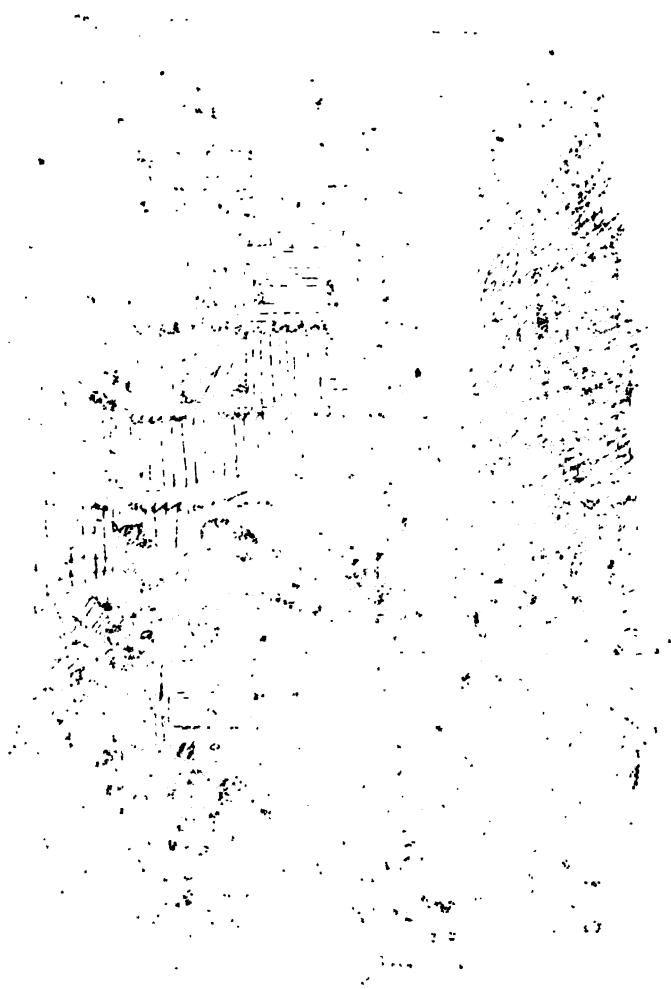
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INSTINCT; OR REASON?

BEING

TALES AND ANECDOTES OF
ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY;

WRITTEN FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT
OF MY YOUNGEST GRANDSON,

MARK NAPIER,
AND ALL OTHER GOOD LITTLE BOYS.

BY

THE LADY JULIA LOCKWOOD.

With Illustrations by G. H. H.

"The Lord is good to all : and his tender mercies are over all his works."
PSALM cxlv. 9.

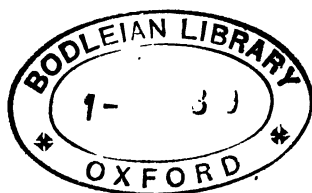


LONDON:

SAUNDERS, OTLEY, AND Co., 50, CONDUIT STREET.
1861.

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2521 . e . 50 .



P R E F A C E.

MY dear Mark, I think I ought to say something to you in reference to the subject of this book. The stories which I have collected for your entertainment are true, and many of these have occurred to myself, or my friends and acquaintances, who have kindly contributed the facts, on hearing that I was compiling a book to publish for your perusal, and for other boys of your age.

You may wish to know what is instinct? It is, in general, rather implied and supposed, than distinctly laid down, that a being is acting instinctively, when impelled blindly towards some end which the agent does not aim at or perceive ; and,

on the other hand, that it is acting rationally when acting with a view to, and for the sake of, some end which it *does* perceive. But in the ordinary language, even of naturalists, and even when they are describing and recounting instances of instinct, and asserting, as many are accustomed to do, that brutes are actuated by instinct, and man by reason, we often meet with much that has the appearance, at least, of being very inconsistent with such a view. Many things done by brutes would be, if done by man, regarded as resulting from the exercise of reason, being not only the same acts, but done, to all appearance, from the same motive as the rational acts of man. Docility is evidently characteristic of reason. To talk of an elephant, a horse, or a dog, doing by instinct such things as it has been *taught*, would be as absurd as to talk of a child's learning to read and write by instinct. But, moreover, brutes are, in many instances, capable of learning even what they have not been taught by man. They have been found alike to discover and apply the means of accomplishing a certain end, from having learned by experience that such and such means so applied

would conduce to it. The higher animals, of course, show more of reason than the lower. There are many instances of its existence in domestic animals. The dog is regarded as the animal most completely man's companion; and I will mention one, out of many instances, of the kind of reason to which I refer, as exhibited in that animal. A dog, being left on the bank of a river by his master, who had gone up the river in a boat, attempted to join him. He plunged into the water, but not making allowance for the strength of the stream, which carried him considerably below the boat, he could not beat up against it. He landed, and made allowance for the current of the river, by leaping in at a place higher up. The combined action of the stream, and his swimming, carried him in an oblique direction, and he thus reached the boat. Having made the trial and failed, he apparently judged from the failure of the first attempt, that his course was to go up the stream, make allowances for its strength, and thus gain the boat.

Without entering into the inquiry, what is called reason, or is denominated instinct, I would

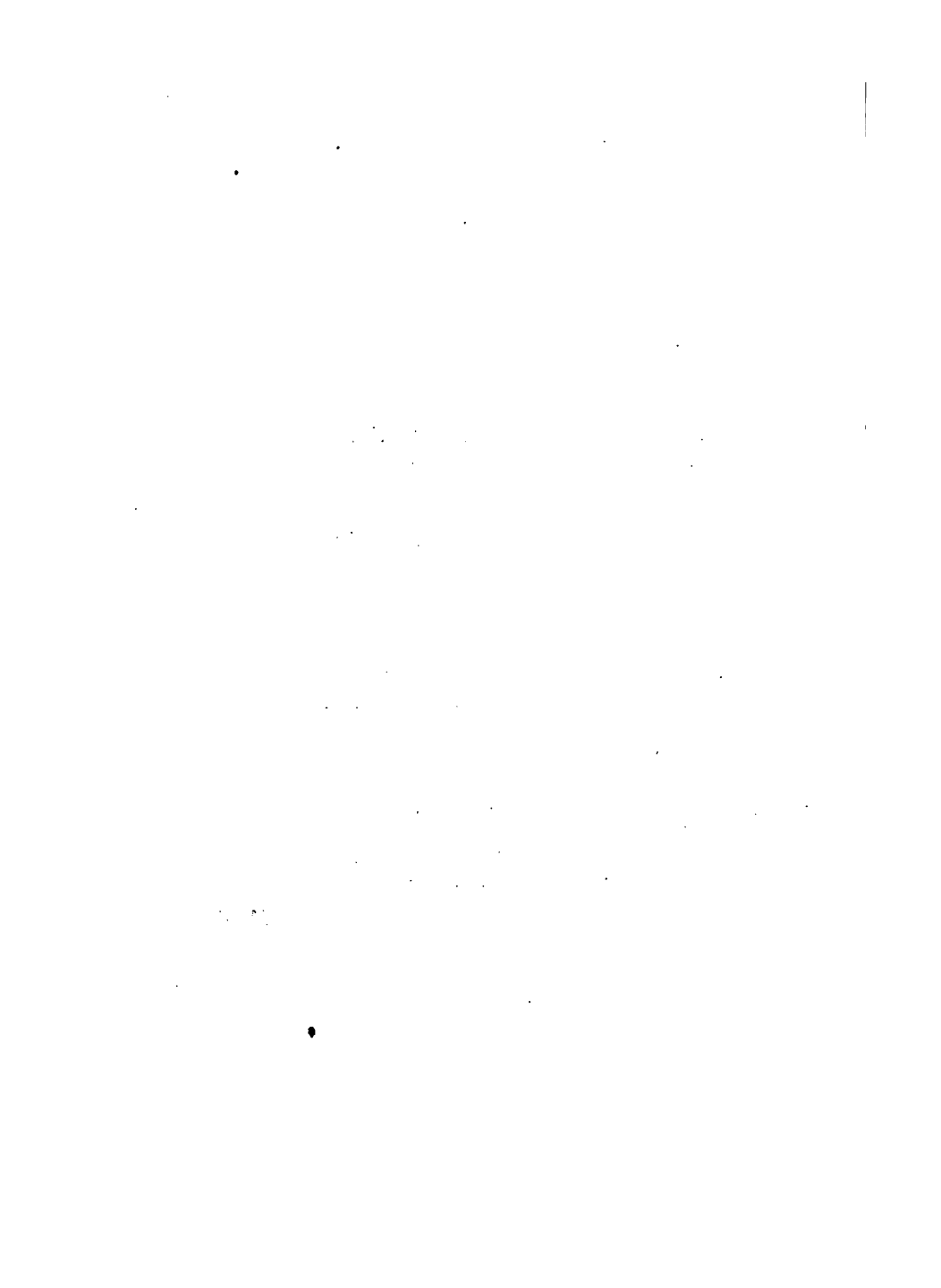
only say that it is quite clear that if such acts were done by man, they would be regarded as an exercise of reason; and I do not know why, when performed by brutes, as far as can be judged, by a similar mental process, they should not bear the same name.

•

BOYHOOD.

Fresh as an April morn—as prone to alloy
Laughter's gay sunshine with the gloom of tears,—
Voiced like a bird that in mid-heaven careers,
Pouring o'er earth high notes of love and joy,—
Rapid like it, and restless, graceful, coy,—
Embarrass'd still by childhood's lingering fears,
Yet full of courage, proud of heart—the boy
Shrinks from the breath of shame, and, midst his peers,
Kindleth at voice of praise! 'Tis come—the hour
Sacred to culture; now unto his soul
Exultingly expanding, as a flower
Opening its petals, is a wise control
As pruning to the plant,—as genial shower
Instruction's voice instilling truth with power.

M. B.



Instinct · or · Reason 2

ERRATUM.

Page 46, line 9, *for Carberry read Carbery.*

very old, and could hardly move, he would sit at the bottom of the stairs whining to be carried up. One day the maid took him in her arms, and brought him to her mistress, who was very ill in bed. Dott looked in her face, whined, and then licked her hand; and the maid carried him down to the garden, where the poor old dog scratched and scratched, till he scratched two holes close to.

Instinct ; or Reason ?

CHAPTER I.

“ DEAREST GRANDMAMMA,” said Mark to me one day, “ you promised to tell me a story about a nice little dog you knew of. What was his name, and what did he do ? ”

Gran. His name was Dott ; and when he grew very old, and could hardly move, he would sit at the bottom of the stairs whining to be carried up. One day the maid took him in her arms, and brought him to her mistress, who was very ill in bed. Dott looked in her face, whined, and then licked her hand ; and the maid carried him down to the garden, where the poor old dog scratched and scratched, till he scratched two holes close to.

gether, like little graves, and laid down and died in one himself, leaving the other to be filled by his beloved mistress. Does not this show the wonderful instinct, which a gracious God has implanted in the creature He intends to be the friend and protector of man ?

Mark. Yes, dear grandmamma ; and I wish I had such a nice dog, and I would be very gentle and kind to it, and feed it myself every day, and then it would learn to know me, and love me as Dott did his mistress. Can you tell me any more about dogs ?

Gran. Yes ! I knew another, named Turk, who, when his master died, went and lay upon his grave for three days and nights, without eating or drinking, and was at last found and brought home by a countryman.

Mark. What sort of dog was he, grandmamma ?

Gran. A sort called a St. Bernard ; one of that species that go out in winter to look for people who are overtaken by snow-storms, and lost in the drifts ; these dogs have a basket fastened round their necks, containing bread and wine, so that the exhausted persons may be able to refresh them-

selves, and gain a little warmth and strength before following the dog to the hospice.

Mark. I wish we had had such a dog at Thirlstane, and then that poor young man would not have died in the snow last October. After seeking for the sheep all day he sank down close to the door of his master.

Gran. It would, indeed, be a good present to make a farmer in Etterick, but those dogs are now very rare, and perhaps they would fight and be killed by the sheep-dogs of the country. No farmer's boy should go out without something to eat in his pocket ; but, as our Saviour says, " A good shepherd will lay down his life for his sheep," and here is an instance of one following the example of the Great Shepherd of our souls, and, we may hope, that if he was as zealous in his heavenly Master's service as he was in his earthly master's, that he is now reaping the reward of his zeal ; and if so, you need not mourn over the poor young man's fate, as he died doing his duty.

Mark. Indeed, grandmamma, I will always try to be good, and kind, and obedient, and tell the truth, as I know you wish I should, so that if God

calls me, I also may be found doing my duty, and be carried to heaven by the angels, as I remember poor Lazarus was, of whom Jesus Christ tells us. But, grandmamma, I should like to hear another pretty story about a dog.

Gran. I will try and think of one, and will tell it to you to-morrow, but now you must go and read, and prepare your lessons for your governess, else she will not allow you to come to me again, and I should be sorry to be the cause of your not knowing your lessons,—which little boys must not neglect for any amusements, not even talking with a grandmamma. To-morrow I will endeavour to think of some more anecdotes of dogs.

Mark. See my dog, grandmamma ; how he looks at my eye ;
While he lives none can hurt me, he'll pine when I
die.

None can be more gentle, none can be more wild ;
He'll fight with a lion, or play with a child.

Gran. Very pretty ! but get along with you.

Mark. This is Saturday, and you must keep your word and tell me a good many stories, for the sky is very black and there is no chance of the rain

ceasing, so we shall have plenty of time for everything.

Gran. I will tell you one I have lately read ; it occurred to Cowper the poet, many of whose poems you have learned to repeat. One day he was walking along the banks of the Ouse, with his dog, a spaniel, and he observed some water-lilies in bloom. He was desirous of seizing one of the flowers ; and, by means of his walking-stick, made several attempts, but in vain, to draw one of them to his hand. Finding that all his efforts would be to no purpose, he left the flowers and went on. Having finished his ramble he returned homeward by the same place. The dog, without any instruction, plunged into the water, cropped the identical flower that Cowper had been so long in vain attempting to seize, brought it away in his mouth, and dropped it at his master's feet, upon which Cowper wrote the "Dog and the Water Lily" (no fable), beginning

" The noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When, 'scaped from literary cares,
I wander'd on its side.

Mark. Finish it, grandmamma.

Gran. Listen, then, and I will tell it to you.

“ My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree,
(Two nymphs, adorn'd with every grace,
That spaniel found for me,)

Now wanton'd lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight,
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads,
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse display'd
His lilies newly blown ;
Their beauties I intent survey'd,
And one I wish'd my own.

With cane extended far, I sought
To steer it close to land ;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escaped my eager hand.

Beau mark'd my unsuccessful pains
With fix'd, consid'rate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and follow'd long
The windings of the stream.

Instinct ; or Reason ?

My ramble ended I return'd, ♀
Beau, trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discern'd, ♀
And, plunging, left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropp'd,
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropp'd
The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the sight, the world, I cried,
Shall hear of this thy deed,
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed ;

But, chief, myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all."

attempt to bite, and, as he was in general a good-tempered dog, his crossness attracted the notice of the travelling party, and caused them to look at the people of the house with more attention. These latter were anything but prepossessing in their appearance, and their countenances foreboded no good. They observed, also, that there was something wrong by the confused manner of the maid-servant, whose hands evidently trembled as she laid down the supper on the table. My father could scarcely prevail upon the dog to taste anything, for he kept uneasily watching the door, and every movement that the servant made. As soon as the very indifferent supper was over, the maid showed them all up to bed, the dog following, though with evident unwillingness, and still growling and sniffing about; and when up-stairs, walking up and down the bedroom, where he could not be persuaded, by any means, to lie down. My grandfather and father shared the same room, and the man-servant was given a room close behind, near the stairs. There seemed something suspicious about the whole place, and my grandfather looked at his pistols to see they

were loaded and in good order, and then sent his servant to bed, telling him if he heard any noise to apprise them ; and if they heard anything, promising to call him. My father and grandfather got into bed, having first made up a resting-place, with a piece of carpet, for the dog, who, however, would not lie down. Being very tired, my grandfather and father soon fell asleep, leaving the dog still pacing the room. They had not been asleep one hour when they were awakened by the dog scratching violently against a closet door, gnashing his teeth, and growling furiously. My grandfather sprang up and desiring my father to lie still, seized his pistols, and tried to quiet the dog, but nothing he could say or do would appease the rage of the creature, who finding his paws unable to force a passage into the closet, put his teeth to a small aperture at the bottom, and attempted to gnaw away the door. At this moment their servant knocked violently at the door of the bedroom, begging to be admitted. " All seems quiet above and below," said he, " so what can make the dog so angry and violent." " I am resolved to know," said my grandfather, and

with their united efforts they pushed open the closet door. The dog rushed into it, followed by my grandfather and his servant ; the candle had been extinguished, but a hustling noise was heard at the further end of the closet. My grandfather fired his pistol at random, only by way of alarm : a piercing cry, ending by a groan came from the dog, and my grandfather in an agony, exclaimed, "I fear I have killed my poor dog !" Meanwhile the innkeeper and people of the house came to the door, inquiring, in apparent consternation, what had alarmed the family. On my grandfather's return to the closet, he found the poor dog bleeding, and breathing hard as if from violent exercise ; the dog turned back with his master, and seemed to point to something, which he took hold of with his teeth, and endeavoured to move, and which they now perceived to be a coarse sack. With the united efforts of the three, they pulled the sack forward ; and untying it, what was their surprise and horror, to find it contained a man's body cut up into small pieces.

Mark. Oh, dear grandmamma ! What a dread-



My Grandfather's adventures

ful story ; but do tell me what became of the innkeeper and his servants.

Gran. They ran away, but information being instantly given, they were discovered, put into prison, and at their trial it was found that they had been guilty of many other robberies and shocking murders ; and but for my grandfather's faithful and sagacious dog, he and my father would also have fallen victims.

Mark. What became of the poor dog ? I hope he did not die.

Gran. Oh, no ! His wounded leg, for it proved only to be there that the shot had lodged, was most carefully tied up, and a cart hired to carry him on to the château where they were going to visit. My father's health requiring a mild climate, they proceeded to Italy, taking their much-loved dog, and there they employed one of the best artists to draw his portrait, determined that it should hang upon the walls of our old castle, between my father's and grandfather's likenesses, which were also taken in Italy. The dog died some years after in a good old age, and a grave

was dug in the shrubbery, and a pretty tomb erected over him with these lines:—

Epitaph.

Here lies a friend, to me a friend indeed,
Whose instinct stood me in my utmost need ;
Whose speechless eloquence, in that lone abode,
First waked my fears, and all my dangers shared,
Wisely dissuading from the rest I sought,
A rest that was with death and murder fraught :
My life he saved, but not unscathed went he.
My dog ! who would have giv'n his life for me,
Was sorely hurt, and by that master's hand,
For love of whom he braved that murd'rous band.
Since that dread night, full twice five years have sped,
And scatter'd snows upon that faithful head :
Beneath this marble now he sleeps in peace,
But with my life my love can only cease.

Gran. Now, dearest Markie, recollect that we cannot be too thankful to those who render us good services, be they high or low, rich or poor, man or brute.

CHAPTER. III.

Mark. Now, grandmamma, will you not tell me a nice long story about another dog; your last story was very curious, and I quite long to hear a new one; though I should like it to be more happy—and less terrible.

Gran. Yes, darling! that was a dismal story; but to-day I will tell you some little stories Mrs. H. told me, which happened to her when she was with her father in Prince Edward's Island. She was then Miss Hensley, and she had a little Scotch terrier which she named Wahpiti, and her brother had a dog named Niger.

Mark. Grandmamma, what does Wahpiti mean? I never heard such a name for a dog.

Gran. Have you not, my love? but as you have been in America with your father and

mother, you may know that there are such things as Indian robbers, and one of those people had a famous horse he called Wahpiti : so Miss H. named her dog after it. Well, you must know, that this said Wahpiti lived in a beautiful country-house, which Captain H. built in Prince Edward's Island, but Niger lived in the town, and whenever Miss H. drove out in the sleigh, Wahpiti followed ; but, at one particular part of a favourite drive, a bad big dog used to run out, and attack poor little Wahpiti. One day they missed him at the usual time of their drive, and they set out without him ; but they had not got far before Wahpiti and Niger joined them, and on coming to the usual fatal spot, out came the big dog, and commenced attacking Wahpiti, but Niger directly flew at him and gave him a good thrashing, which had the effect of ever after stopping his attacks upon Wahpiti when they passed his dwelling.

Mark. Can you tell me any more stories about Wahpiti ?

Gran. Yes ! Mrs. H. told me a great many, if you like to hear them.

Mark. Oh, yes ! dear grandmamma, for this is Saturday, and Miss K. always gives us a half-holiday, and Johnny is gone to take a drive with papa to see the fair, so I have plenty of time to listen if you are not tired.

Gran. Very well, I can go on a long time with pretty stories relating to Wahpiti. One evening he was lying on the hearth-rug, and Mrs. H. was surrounded by her daughters, when she remarked, to-morrow was one of her sons' birthdays. Yes, said Miss H., and I think Wahpiti ought to go and fetch Niger to assist in keeping it. This she said jokingly, yet looking at the dog, who pricked up his ears, looked in her face, but did not move. Next day Miss H. went shopping, and when she came home, what was her surprise to find Niger and Wahpiti sitting down together in the courtyard, and when they saw her, running up, wagging their tails, and jumping on her, as much as to say here we are as you wished, to keep the birthday.

Mark. Oh, tell me another story, I do like those clever dogs, and long to see such dear and sensible creatures.

Gran. Once Wahpiti helped to catch a thief, who had come to rob Captain H.'s house. Young Mr. H. hearing a noise got up, and went to the kitchen without a light, and saw a man in the act of opening the window. He himself crouched down, having his gun in his hand, but was afraid Wahpiti would bark ; on the contrary, he crept softly round by the dresser, and just as the man put his leg in at the window, Wahpiti seized hold of it, and made the man shriek with pain and astonishment, wondering what could have happened to give him such a sudden and unlooked-for agony ; he was, of course, laid hold of by Mr. H. and taken to prison.

Mark. What else did Wahpiti do ? I like to know. Do tell me some more of the stories Mrs. H. told you, for are they not all true, quite true, and I like true stories that happened to your friend.

Gran. Yes, dear, she is my friend, and she is so kind and good, you may believe all she tells about her pets.

Mark. Had she more pets than Wahpiti and Niger ?

Gran. Oh, yes! many; but I will tell you a very curious fact about Wahpiti. He was very fond of going to church, where he behaved very well, and was always very quiet; but still, they thought church was only a place for Christians, and not for dogs, and they shut him up on Saturday nights, so that he could not follow them: well, what do you think Wahpiti did? he would run away and hide himself every Saturday, and on Sunday morning he got to church before the family, ran into their seat, and lay quietly under it, till church was over, and then he would follow them home! So they found there was no use trying to tie him up any more.

Mark. In Scotland the shepherds' dogs go into church, and never bark; but if they were left outside they would make a noise, and disturb the prayers.

Gran. That is the only excuse for their being allowed in a church.

Mark. Grandmamma, you said Miss H. and her father had more pets; what were they?

Gran. They had a favourite cat, and when she had kittens, Wahpiti used to sit near the cup-

board, where pussy was with her little ones, and watch, and when puss went down to dinner, he would take a kitten in his mouth, and carry her to the hearth-rug, put her down between his two paws, and begin petting and licking it, and when the mother returned she never was angry, but looked on most complacently. There, Mark, that will, I hope, satisfy you for to-day.

Mark. Yes, grandmamma, for I should be very sorry if you fatigued yourself; you know I was told by mamma it was very wrong to be selfish, and it would be selfish if I made you talk till you were very tired.

Gran. That is being a truly good and considerate little boy, and to reward you, I will tell you some more of Miss H.'s anecdotes about animals to-morrow.

CHAPTER IV.

Mark. You promised me some more stories that Miss Hensley related to you; what are they?

Gran. Miss Hensley told me a curious story about a barrel of treacle of her father's, which stood in an outhouse. To their great surprise, when they went to look for some treacle, they found the barrel empty. It appeared that some rats made a hole near the bottom, and inserting their tails, they then sucked them till all the treacle was demolished and had disappeared.

Mark. Grandmamma, I never heard that rats would play such queer tricks.

Gran. Nor I either; but, perhaps, the rats in Prince Edward's Island are more sensible than those of any other country.

Would you like to hear a story about a beau-

tiful roan horse, of Mr. Hamlyn's, of a very famous breed? He is very good-tempered, but very fidgety and impatient, pawing the ground, even in his stable, and never standing still for a moment, always moving one leg or the other, and going from one side of the stall to another, so that it was quite unsafe for any one to approach him except the old coachman, who one day went into the stable, and, to his horror and consternation, saw his little boy, a child of four years old, clasping the roan's legs, and patting and kissing them. The coachman had presence of mind to make no exclamation, but called to his child, and offered him a bit of sugar; so he let go, and came to his father uninjured, the horse never having stirred, and seeming almost afraid to move its head or breathe whilst the child had hold of his legs.

Mark. Now, grandmamma, I want another story about dogs.

Gran. Mr. Hamlyn told me that at his place at Paschoe, a great many of his sheep were killed at some distance off. On watching, they observed a little Scotch terrier go and fetch a

large dog, and stealing through several folds to a more distant one unobserved, pursued and killed a great many sheep before they were discovered and shot, which, I think you will agree, that they richly deserved. Only a fortnight ago the same sort of thing occurred to some farmers near Barecombe. They caught a little terrier and a large dog, both strangers, and they also hunted the sheep together and killed a great many. Do you remember my dog Mat, who, when I took him his dinner into the porch, always thanked me, after his own fashion, before he began to partake of the dinner I put down before him? A most dear friend of mine, Miss Blanche Lane, recounted to me once, that her brother-in-law, at Llanover, had a little dog called Pincher, who would never let him out of his sight, night or day; and when he was late for breakfast, the little dog would never touch anything till his master was ready to go down, and if his master went away for a day without taking him, he would not eat till he returned.

Mark. Is that all you can tell me to-day, grand-mamma?

Gran. I have another, I can tell you, but

we must not exhaust our store all at once ; that would be improvident and unwise. In one of the valleys or glens that intersect the Grampian Hills, there lived a shepherd, whose occupation it was to make daily excursions to the different extremities of his pastures in succession ; and to turn his flocks back home by the aid of his dog, if they had strayed too near a neighbour's boundaries. In one of these excursions, the shepherd happened to carry his infant boy, about three years old, along with him, and after traversing the pastures for some time, with the child in his arms, the shepherd desired to ascend a summit at some distance, to obtain a more extensive view of his range, and put the child down on the grass with a strict injunction not to stir from the spot till he returned to him. Scarcely had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists, which frequently rise so rapidly amongst those mountains, and turn day into night. The poor shepherd, alarmed, instantly hastened back to find his child, but owing to the unusual darkness, and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in

the descent, and after fruitless research of many hours amongst the dangerous morasses and cataracts with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist, and, by the light of the moon, discovered he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was within a short distance of his own cottage. It being fruitless to renew the search that night, he entered his cottage, disconsolate, having lost both his child and his dog, his faithful companion for years : but upon asking his wife, he found the dog had been home and received his usual piece of cake, and had run off with it instantly. For several days the shepherd renewed the search for his child, and had returned each evening disappointed, to his home, when his wife always declared to him the dog had been home and fetched his cake, going off instantly with it in his mouth. Being struck with this singular circumstance, the shepherd remained at home one day, and when the dog came home for his piece of cake, and was departing with it in his mouth, the shepherd resolved to follow, which he did, and the

dog, seeing his master follow him, slackened his pace, and led the way to a cataract, at some distance from the spot where the child had disappeared. The banks of the ravine, through which the cataract fell, almost joined at top, yawning over an abyss of immense depth. Down went the dog, without hesitation, and soon disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almost on a level with the bottom of the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed, but on entering the cave, what were his emotions, when he beheld his child eating with great satisfaction the cake which the dog had brought to him, whilst the faithful creature stood by watching his young charge with the utmost complacence. From the situation in which the infant was found, it was supposed that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then scrambled down till he reached the cave, which the fear of the torrent prevented him quitting; and that the dog had traced him by his scent to the spot, and afterwards prevented him from starving by bringing him his own daily allowance of cake. It appeared he had never quitted the child day or night, except when necessary to fetch the food;

and when absent on this duty, he ran with his utmost speed, never stopping till he reached his young charge again in safety.

Mark. To hear you tell this story, grandmamma, one would think you were telling me something that had occurred at Thirlstane, near the Black Spout, on Gamels Cleugh, near the old castle, where one of the Lord Napiers was poisoned by his stepmother. That was a dreadful story, but I hope it was not quite true; for she must have been as wicked as King Richard the Third, who smothered the poor little princes in the Tower of London. I know all about that story, as Miss K. told me the whole history yesterday, and showed me a picture of the cruel soldiers burying the princes under the stairs.

Gran. It would not be so nice to have such an uncle as that, instead of dear Uncle Henry who loves you so much and gives you pretty presents, and a silver watch that travelled in his pocket all the way through Egypt and the desert to Jerusalem, when he went to meet you, and your papa, and mamma, and your three brothers.

Mark. True, grandmamma, and I will take great

care of it, for it goes very well, and it is so constructed that no dust can get into it, and if, when I am a man, I go through the deserts and hot countries, it will be very useful to me. I should like to travel through the Valley of Sharon, where there were so many pretty flowers, perhaps the very species that our Saviour mentions in the Bible.

Gran. Well, Mark, who knows but we may all go again to Jerusalem together some day? but if we should never go there again, I trust that we shall one day meet together in the heavenly Jerusalem. Now, dear, go, and run about, for the rainy clouds have disappeared, the sun is shining brightly, the birds sing merrily, and nature smiles through tears.

CHAPTER V.

Gran. COME here, dearest Mark, I have found a very pretty story for you, of a poor Indian and his dog. It happened in the county of Ulster, in the neighbourhood of Pennsylvania, where there lived a man, whose name was Lefevre; he was the grandson of a Frenchman, who was obliged to fly his country at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This Mr. Lefevre possessed a plantation on the very verge of the valley towards the Blue Mountains, a place of refuge for wild deer. When you were in America with your papa and mamma, I dare say you heard of the Blue Mountains, and they probably resembled the Allegany Mountains, where you passed one summer, when you used to carry stones in your little hands, as you said, to throw at the snakes you expected

to meet in your walks. But to continue my story: this Mr. Lefevre possessed a family of eleven children, and he was greatly alarmed one morning at missing the youngest, who was about four years of age—he had disappeared about ten o'clock. His distressed parents and family sought after him in the river, and in the fields, but to no purpose. Terrified to an extreme degree, they entreated their neighbours to assist them in the search. They traversed the woods and beat them over with the most scrupulous attention. Thousands of times they called him by name, and were only answered by the echoes of the wilds. They then assembled themselves at the foot of the mountains of Chatagniers, without being able to gain the least intelligence of the child. After reposing themselves for some minutes, they formed into different bands, and night coming on, the parents in despair refused to return home, for their fright was constantly increased by the knowledge they had of the mountain cats, an animal so rapacious, that the inhabitants cannot always defend themselves against their attack. Then they thought of the wolves, or some other dreadful animal, de-

vouring their darling child. "Derick, my poor little Derick! where art thou?" frequently exclaimed the mother, in the most heart-rending tones; but all was of no avail. As soon as daylight appeared they renewed their search, but as unsuccessfully as on the preceding day. Fortunately an Indian, laden with furs, coming from an adjacent village, called at the house of Mr. Lefevre, intending to repose himself there, as he usually did on his travelling through that part of the country. He was very much surprised to find no one at home but one old negress, kept to the house by her infirmities. "Where is my brother?" said the Indian. "Alas!" replied the negro woman, "he has lost his little Derick, and all the neighbourhood are employed in looking after him in the wood:" it was then three o'clock in the afternoon. "Sound the horn," said the Indian, "and try and call the master home—I will find his child." The horn was sounded; and as soon as the father returned, the Indian asked him for the shoes and stockings that little Derick had last worn. He then ordered his dog, which he had brought with him, to smell them—and

then, taking the house for his centre, he described a circle of a quarter of a mile, ordering his dog to smell the earth wherever he led him. The circle was not completed, when the sagacious animal began to bark. This sound brought some feeble ray of hope to the disconsolate parents. The dog followed the scent, and barked again; the party pursued him with all their speed, but soon lost sight of him in the wood. Half-an-hour afterwards they heard him again, and soon saw him return. The countenance of the poor dog was visibly altered; an air of joy seemed to animate him, and his gestures seemed to indicate that his search had not been in vain. "I am sure he has found the child!" exclaimed the Indian. But whether dead or alive was at present a cruel uncertainty. The Indian then followed the dog, which led him to the foot of a large tree, where lay the child in an enfeebled state, nearly approaching to death. He took it tenderly in his arms, and hastily carried it to the disconsolate parents. The joy of the father and mother was so great, that it was more than a quarter of an hour before they could express

their gratitude to the kind Indian, or the dear sagacious dog. When their thanks were fully expressed, they regaled the Indian and his dog with a plentiful meal before they again set forth on their journey.

Mark. That, grandmamma, is the prettiest story you have told to me ; and I know a great deal about those poor Indians. Their wives are called squaws ; and they work those pretty purses covered with beads, like that mamma gave you when we were in the United States, and Mr. S. said there was not so much difference between *U. S.* (us) and ourselves. And, grandmamma, do you remember the pretty cap that Johnny gave to Uncle Henry, shaped like a Scotch cap, but worked all over with beads of different colours by the squaws ? They are very clever at that kind of work ; and also with porcupine quills and the bark of trees, which they embroider so nicely.

Gran. You see what it is to be such a traveller, Mark ; you have been in every quarter of the globe except Africa ; and I think you might say Africa also, for Malta, they say, was once a portion of Africa, and there you lived for a year with me

before you could talk much ; and your brother Willie was born there, at a place called "Sa Maison," looking upon the quarantine harbour. Malta, you know, is a very interesting place on many accounts ; first, because St. Paul was wrecked there, and since that time there have been no venomous reptiles in the island ; and the reason they allege is, because he shook the viper off his hand into the fire ; and though it was poisonous it did him no harm ; and that ever since no poisonous creature can live in the island. Then again, Malta is remarkable from the Knights of St. John, who took refuge there when expelled from Rhodes, and defended it so long against the Turks. It is a beautiful and healthy little island, and the best oranges in the world come from there, and all hot-house plants grow and thrive in the open ground without any protection. Squills, which are used for coughs, grow wild, and are gathered by the Maltese, and sent to England, where there is a good market for them. A yellow cotton is also grown in Malta, and they make a very nice nankeen of it, and very pretty blankets, with coloured borders ; and I only wonder more people do not buy them and bring

them home. The Maltese also make beautiful mittens, and black and white lace. But I think you would now like to mount your pony, as the weather has become fine, and ride up the water, and see if your cousin has caught any trout in the Etterick.

Mark. Grandmamma, you forget Willy and Johnny are gone to the locks and taken the pony ; and I would rather hear another little story, if you can tell a short one, as then it will be tea-time, and after tea-time I am wanted to build card-houses for Basil, and you know I can build them up four, and sometimes five stories high.

Gran. That is very clever, but not so clever as the beaver ; but I have only time now to tell you one more short story :—A small black terrier dog, Vic, and a cat were great friends. Vic was so gentle and kind that the cat never thought of her giving a bite or hurting her in any way. Once Vic had some puppies at the same time that the cat had a little family of kittens. The youngest girl, whom the cat and kittens belonged to, gave one of the kittens to a friend of hers, who lived at a house not very far from where her home was. Vic thought

that the tiny kitten was much too young to be sent away from its mother, so she went every day to nurse and feed it herself till she thought the little kitten was old enough to feed and take care of itself. The family Vic belonged to went to stay at a house three miles off, and left Vic and the servants behind. One day she heard them say that her young master, of whom she was very fond, was coming home from college that very day, so she jumped out of the window, and ran off to the other house as fast as she could go, and got there just in time to receive him as he arrived at the door. This clever little Vic often seemed to understand what she heard, and would wag her tail, and look up so quickly if it was anything about herself. While Vic was quite a small puppy, she came to live with her master's brother and sister, who were very little children, so they and Vic grew up together, and I really think if Vic could only have spoken, she would have said her lessons often much better than they said theirs, she was such a clever little dog. When Vic had puppies she used to dig a deep hole with her paws in a bank, and then carry in some straw and make a nice comfortable

bed quite at the end, and put all her little puppies there, and she never let them come out till they were able to walk, and take care of themselves, unless the children Vic lived with dug them out before, to see what they were like ; and which they sometimes did, but that was a very great pity, as it was much better to leave them in their earthy nest till they were advanced enough in growth and strength to come out by themselves. Little puppies and kittens are always nine days old before they can see at all, and that fact I have no doubt you are quite aware of, my dear Mark. Now I have one more story to tell you about this Vic, which, I am afraid, will not do her much credit. One of the puppies she had was naughty, and teased her very much, so she took it down close to some water, and began playing with it till she got it quite close to the edge of the bank, and then pushed it in, and walked quietly away to her home. I am very much afraid that Vic intended to drown her poor little puppy, and, if so, it was very wrong and unnatural in her ; but luckily a gentleman who was standing by a tree not far off saw her wicked act, and went and pulled the poor little puppy out of

the water : though it might have deserved some punishment, Vic ought not to have wished to drown it—should she? I shall, therefore, say no more about this sad specimen of a vindictive mamma.

CHAPTER VI.

Gran. Now, dear Mark, perhaps you would like to have a little change of subject, and hear some stories of monkeys, which are such wonderful creatures, and, in many respects, so nearly resemble man. They might be supposed to be endowed with reason, from the sagacity with which they manage their own affairs. The wonderful arrangements these creatures make when intent upon any of those mischievous tricks which appear to give them more pleasure than anything else they can do, are well authenticated, and frequently witnessed by officers who have been stationed at the Cape of Good Hope, as well as by British residents who have resided there, and been possessed of farms and vineyards. An engineer officer told me that when the large monkeys had laid their plans together for robbing

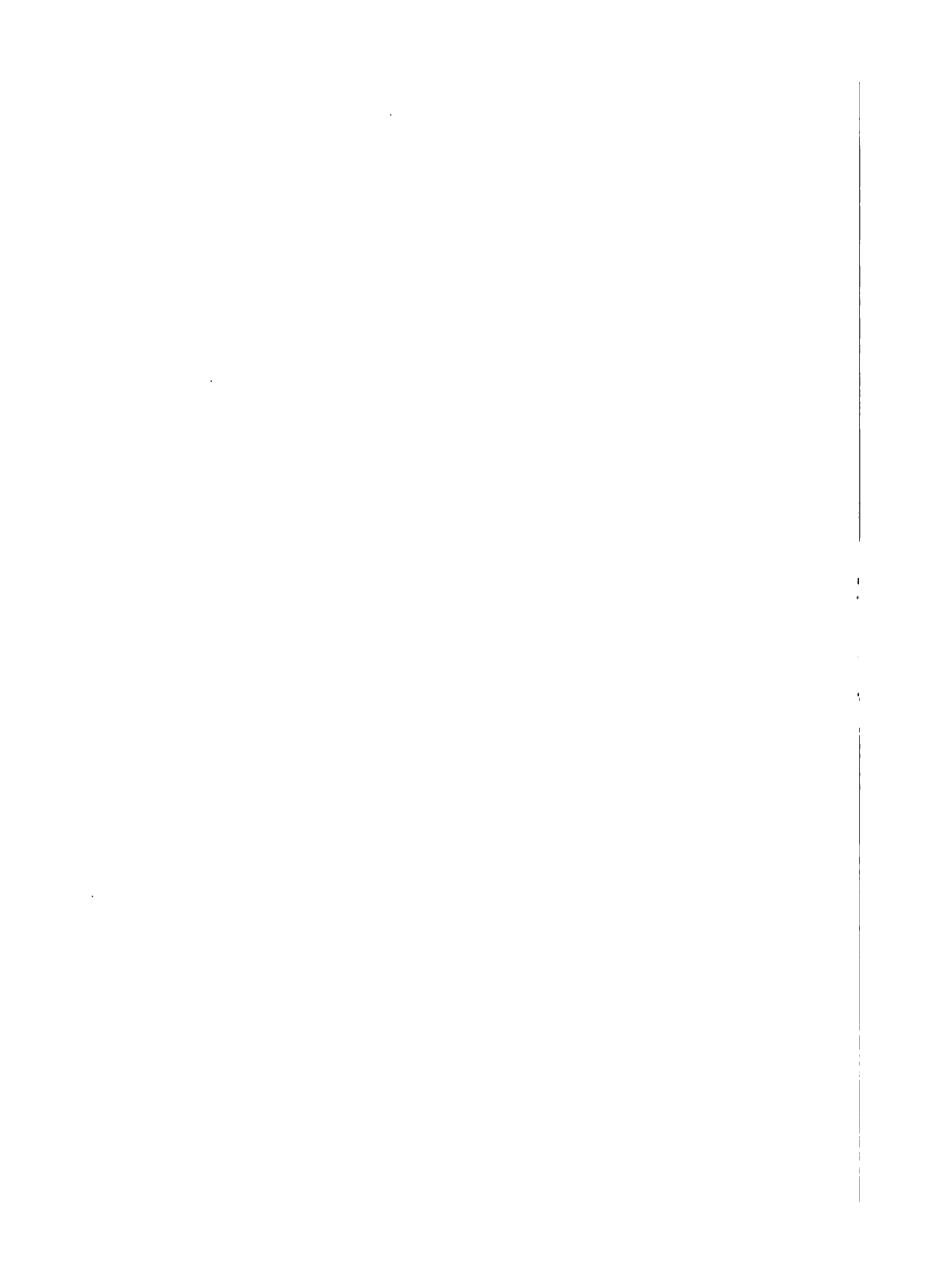
a vineyard, they collected in great numbers in the neighbourhood, and appeared to appoint a leader, or commander-in-chief of their expedition, who made all the necessary arrangements, and gave to each of his chosen friends their orders. They sent on their spies to see if there were any persons watching the delicious grapes they were coveting; and if they were pretty sure of safety, they approached the place, carefully posting regular sentinels on every height to keep a look-out for danger, and give intimation of the approach of any one who might injure them. When this was done, and every precaution taken, the leader and the band of long-tailed brothers made a descent on the coveted grapes, eating as much of the fruit as they could, and then carrying off for the sentries, and for their little ones at home, as large a booty as circumstances permitted. Should it happen that any early traveller or owner of the land came near, by whichever way they approached, one watcher instantly gave the alarm, which quickly spread from outpost to outpost, and was communicated to the grand army, who fled to their forest homes, on the tops of high trees, with

as much speed as possible. Monkeys have wondrous powers of climbing, and also of hanging from the branches of trees by their long and supple tails, which give them, in fact, five legs, as they can support themselves by the tail, and use their fore and hind legs for other purposes. The fore feet nearly resemble the human hand, and they are as clever in using them as men are. One of the most singular instances of intelligence recorded of monkeys is the manner in which they have been observed to cross a stream. They go along the banks till they find two trees exactly opposite each other, one on either bank of the river. They then climb one of the highest and strongest branches, when the leader tells the nearest monkey to him to catch hold of his tail, and then, dropping himself off, hangs suspended by the tail. A third monkey now catches hold of the second monkey's tail, and so each monkey grasps the tail of his predecessor, and one by one they hang suspended from the tree till the legs of the first monkey touch the ground. They then put themselves in motion, swinging in larger and larger sections of a circle, till the foremost monkey suc-

ceeds in catching hold of a twig of the opposite tree. In a moment he is firmly seated on a strong branch, and pulling away, he drags the monkey after him to the branch, and then, liberated from his hold, jumps from branch to branch, and chatters to his brother apes as they hang from tree to tree, forming a catenarian curve which would excite the admiration of a Brunel or a Stephenson. The last monkey then lets go his hold of the first tree, and in a moment is oscillating fearfully across the stream, till at length the whole tribe find themselves safely landed on the opposite side. They appear to have a language of their own, and the chattering they keep up in their own colonies is very loud and continued. Indeed, the black people say monkeys *could* talk if they liked, but are afraid if they did so, man would make them work for him. Some of the large species of monkeys are very fierce and dangerous, but the smaller ones are more gentle, though mischief is the great delight of all the race. They are great favourites with sailors, and if one is on board ship he is pretty sure of having many friends, even though his mischievous gambols annoy occasion.



The first suspension bridge.



ally. A monkey kindly treated in a family can be made to do a great many little helps, such as rocking the baby's cradle, or even assisting the maid to hang out the clothes to dry on a washing-day—as they are immensely imitative. An Irish lady once told me that a large pet monkey they had at their place near Cork, who had seen the cook washing the potatoes and peeling them, and then putting them into the saucepan to boil, went to the kitchen one night, after all the servants had gone to bed, got out some potatoes, washed them, and prepared them, as he had seen his good friend the cook do ; he then got some sticks, stirred up the embers of the fire, put on the pan with the potatoes, and left them there to boil, making, however, a considerable amount of dirt in his cooking endeavours, and much delighted with his own performance, which was evident by the signs and grimaces, and chattering which he kept up incessantly ; but a part of his energy was of a less safe kind, for he drew out the large clothes-horse in front of the fire, and pulled out all the articles he could find, hanging them up to dry, as he had frequently seen done when the bed-linen was aired by the

housemaid, and thus might have set the house on fire. There is a curious fact connected with monkeys at Gibraltar. At a certain season of the year great numbers of those creatures appear on the rocks, and as there are no colonies of them in Europe, and those particular ones abound in Africa, it is believed there must be subterranean passages under the Straits of Gibraltar known to the monkeys, and by which they pass across—it is always amongst the rocks they make their appearance. Some officers have had the boldness to be let down by ropes to a considerable depth, hoping to find out the existence of such a passage, but the authorities at Gibraltar forbid this rash attempt to be repeated, as it is attended with very considerable danger; so that all which at present is known regarding those pilgrim monkeys is, that they come and disappear at stated periods, but no one positively can say where is their real home. The muscular strength of these creatures is very extraordinary, and the leaps they make from tree to tree, or rock to rock, enormous. They have great powers of memory, and remember acts of kindness surprisingly, but their apprecia-

tion of any injury is equally strong, and their memory so retentive, that they will revenge themselves on the unfortunate culprit long after he has forgotten the offence. I recollect hearing a lady tell me of a large pet monkey she had, who was the terror of all her acquaintances, and one lady so much disliked the creature, that he was always banished from the room when she called. This lady frequently rode on horseback to see her friends, attended by her groom. On her visit one day, Jacko was, according to custom, ordered out of the way. . It was a country place, with a long approach, and the entrance gate had stone pillars, but there was no lodge. On riding down to the gate, the monkey was observed sitting on one of the stone pillars ; the groom rode on to open the gate for the lady to pass out, and just as she did so, the monkey jumped down on the back of her horse, and put his fore feet round the lady's waist, while the sudden accession of company frightened the horse, who set off full gallop, to the dismay of the terrified lady, and the faster the horse went, the tighter the monkey held on ; they never stopped till they reached the lady's house ; when the poor

lady was so ill in consequence of her alarm and very hard ride, that she fainted, and Jacko's fate was sealed ; he could not be tolerated any longer, and he was sent off to sea in one of the many ships which touched at the neighbouring port. What became of him I know not, but when tricks and mischief such as this became his amusement, he was too dangerous to be petted any more. This happened to your great aunt Lady Carberry, of Castle Freke, near Launceston, in Ireland. Monkeys have great love for their young, and tend them and nurse them with the greatest care and tenderness, carrying them about in their arms, or on their backs, and defending them with great courage, if any danger threatens them. It is most difficult to say if these interesting creatures are endowed with instinct, or reason, as the manner in which they conduct their affairs is so wonderfully systematic, that it is more like the reasoning powers given to man by a good and wise God, than to the instinct He has implanted in the lower animals. How many lessons little children may learn from all God's creatures, if they will study them carefully ! and as we know from God's own

Holy Word, that He cares for all He has created, and feeds the sparrows, and that all things depend on Him for life and breath, we should trust in Him entirely, and believe His promises, that as even the young ravens are His care, how much more are we whom He made in His own likeness, and who are to live for ever and ever. Let us all then, dear Mark, try to please God, by obeying Him, loving our kind parents, brothers, and friends, and never being unkind or cruel to any of the poor dumb animals, which were all made by God, and who all have nerves and feelings of pain, as much as any of us can have. One of our poets has written what every little child should recollect, viz. :—

“ The meanest insect feels a pang
As great, as when a giant dies.”

If little boys would only remember this, there would not be any of those cruel sports which sometimes shock one, when we see poor insects tortured, and little birds deprived of their comfortable nests, which cost them so much labour to build, and their little ones taken from them, whom they feed so carefully, and when old enough teach so won-

derfully to fly from the nest, and take care of themselves. Sir Walter Scott, in one of his poems, pleads for those dumb creatures beautifully, thus

“ The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wrong'd by cruelty or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head ;
Be warn'd at length and turn aside.”

Wild Huntsman.

Mark. Now, grandmamma, you have amused me with those monkey stories, and I should so like to have a pet monkey myself, as I think their tricks must be very droll ; but I should not like them to do mischief, and carry off my playthings, and hide them, which I believe they sometimes do.

Gran. Yes, indeed they do. I have heard of one who watched some little girls playing with their dolls, fancying themselves nurses taking care of the babies — washing and dressing them, and very carefully wrapping them up in their shawls, and then carrying them out for a walk. The monkey seizing his opportunity when the children had laid their inanimate babies down on the grass, and had gone off on some other sport, quickly descended

from the branch of the tree on which he had been sitting watching them, and mischievously brooding over some mischief, and caught up a doll, and then carrying it with him, fled again to the tree, and ascended to the highest branch: he then untied the bonnet, cap, frock, and so on, throwing each article away as he stript the poor thing, and laughing and screaming with savage joy as he saw the frantic gestures of the poor children below, well knowing he was safe and quite out of their reach for a long time to come, as, even if the poor little girls could have procured the help of a compassionate brother or cousin to climb the tree, the monkey is so rapid in his movements, and such a clever jumper from branch to branch, he could easily escape with his prize, and utterly destroy it, as he did in this instance: therefore, Mark, I think monkeys are best kept in the Zoological Gardens, where they are generally fastened to a post by a long chain, having their house built on the top of it. In the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, however, the monkeys' house is all enclosed in wire grating, so they have a great deal of liberty, and you see them leaping about

from pole to pole in the most surprising manner, and performing all sorts of odd tricks and grimaces. Their fondness for nuts is great, and the adroit manner in which they hold them and crack them is very amusing. They break a walnut quite scientifically, and with their sharp fingers and thumb pick out all the nice nut very carefully. Except in Europe, I believe, monkeys are to be found in all parts of the globe in a wild state. The great ourang outang is a very gigantic creature, and very disgusting — while the small pocket monkey is gentle and loving in its nature. The monkey lives in large communities, among great forest trees, and subsists almost entirely on fruits and vegetables.

Mark. I wish you would go on for ever with these nice true stories, grandmamma, as I like to hear of those creatures who can almost think like men, and can do so many curious things. Have you any stories of parrots, or cockatoos, who can speak? What fun it would be to get a nice young one, and teach him, myself, funny sentences or little songs: I should be so amused to become his schoolmaster, and would try to teach him by

being very kind to him, and would reward him if he learnt his lessons well, by giving him of all the nice cakes and sugar plums I could get; but I never would reward him when he chose to be obstinate, or would not do what he could to amuse my friends when they came to see me.

Gran. One of my kind friends, a clergyman, is going to tell you a curious story about a magpie, which I think will interest you very much, and I am sure that every well-authenticated fact you can learn of dumb animals, must raise your mind to meditate on the great God who so wonderfully made them, as well as ourselves, and who has given them instincts which so much approach to reason. I once knew a pretty canary who saved his mistress' life, and her house and valuable property from being destroyed by fire. This lady was a great invalid, and much confined to her bedroom. She had a pet canary, whose cage was hung there, and he used to cheer many of her lonely hours by the sweet music he made for her, by singing all day long. This lady suffered much by cold at night, and found even a fire in her room not sufficient to warm her; therefore, instead of having a

hot-water bottle placed in her bed, she was recommended to try a hot brick, which was always wrapped up in flannel. One night her maid had carelessly heated it almost red hot, and placed it in its wrapper in the bed, and left her mistress for the night, who quickly fell asleep. She was awoke by the canary (whose cage was often left open, he was so tame and accustomed to fly about where he liked in the rooms), which fluttered and screamed, and flew down on the bed flapping his wings over her. When she was thoroughly awake she perceived the room was full of smoke, and that evidently something was on fire. She rung her bell loudly and awoke the servants, who, when they came, discovered the bed was burning, owing to the hot brick, which had consumed its covering and was smouldering, ready to burst into flames as soon as the clothes were turned down, and the air got to it. You may imagine the terror of the whole family when this terrible accident was revealed, and the gratitude of the lady to the watchful Providence of God, who, by the means of her pretty favourite, was preserved from so horrible a death as being burnt in her bed, if the smoke

had not previously suffocated her. Thus you see, dear Mark, God can work by very humble instruments, and even a little bird, under His control, can be used for great purposes. Let this be an additional motive to us to be kind to the creatures God has given to man to take care of for Him, and by His command. Many birds can be taught to talk, and by the curious manner in which they apply their sentences, one could almost imagine they understood what they said. Starlings are very fond of speaking, as are magpies, and many of the parrot tribe, especially the grey sort, which have greater facility of learning than their more gaudy green and red brethren. Some of them can hold even long conversations with those who have been their teachers, and I knew of one of this colour who saved the house from being robbed. It lived in the servants' apartments below stairs, and one evening a man entered, fully intent on carrying off all he could. He had been watching for some time, and finding the cook not in her kitchen, and none of the servants to be seen, he stealthily made his way in, and was busy packing up things which were lying about, when Polly

screamed out, "What do you want here, sir?" which so terrified the thief, that he dropped his bundle, and rushed out of the house, while Polly laughed loudly at her own cleverness. A laughing parrot, and one who does it well, I have seen keep a whole party in convulsions of laughter, as it was impossible to resist the impulse of following his merry example.

I will now tell you of a very fine grey parrot which belonged to a Scotch lady of my acquaintance, whose butler was very fond of animals, and particularly so of this bird. They used to hold long conversations together; usually he began the morning by saying "Good morning, Polly; how do you do?"—"Very well, I thank you, sir, how are you?"—"What will you have for breakfast, Polly?"—"Porridge and milk."—"And what will you have for dinner?"—"Beefsteaks and porter." Her servants often tried to put those questions in different ways; but they never got him to make a mistake between his breakfast and dinner; his friend would then say to him, "And where are you going to travel to, Polly?"—"I am going to Ireland."—"What are you going to do there?"—

"Shoot Dan O'Connell—*pop!*"—imitating a gun going off. Another parrot, of the grey kind, was in the possession of a large family, the sons and daughters of which were all grown up. One day a large party of friends were paying a morning visit, when one of the sons, a lieutenant in the navy, who was somewhat of a dandy, happened to come in to see them, his ship being in harbour at the time. The parrot, when he saw him, screamed and fluttered, "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! here comes Henry! What a puppy!" Now, this appeared to be an impromptu on the part of the bird, implying a considerable degree of intellect, in connecting the smart appearance of the gallant sailor with some jokes he might have heard some of the merry young people taunt the young man with, owing to his dandyism. The young man was rather confused at being made the laughing-stock of the party; and no doubt Polly's fame was often repeated, and found its way among his messmates on board his ship, who, I dare say, tormented him a great deal on the subject.

I wish I could remember all the amusing stories I have been told by my friends, of the sayings and

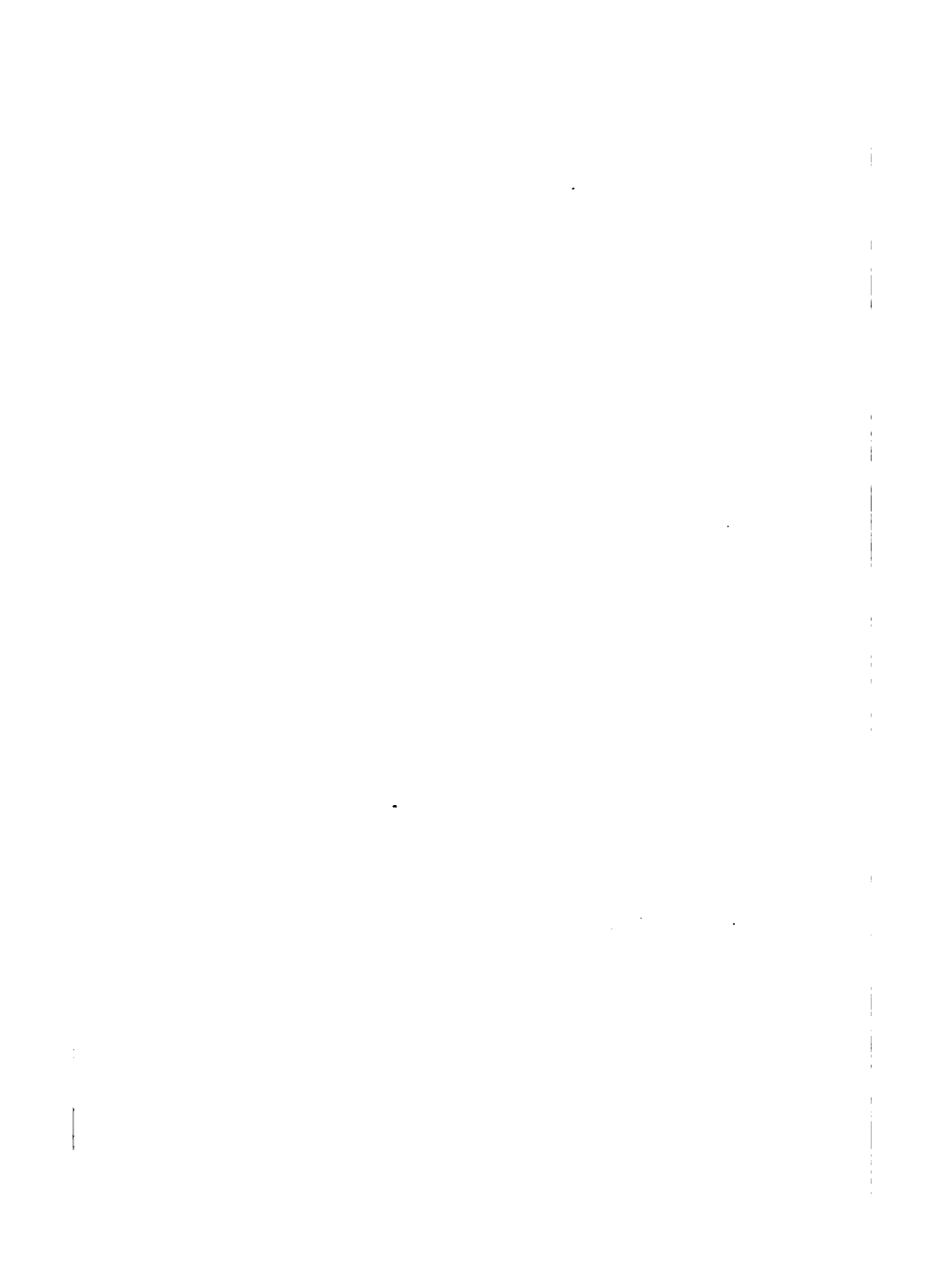
doings of other pets. They would amuse you, dear, much, and you would be able to assure your little playfellows they were all true, and had happened to your grandmamma's friends. I once heard one of the members for Ayrshire relate a history of a pointer, which was a great favourite both with himself and his wife. They left their beautiful place to go to London for the season, posting up in their own travelling-carriage ; the dog was taken with them inside, and the journey, even with four horses, generally occupied four days. Strict orders were given to the servants to take the greatest care of this pet, which was very handsome, and very valuable, and therefore not unlikely to be watched and stolen by the notorious trade of dog-stealers in London. Their care was vain, the day after their arrival the dog disappeared—the consternation of the servants was great—the master furious, scolded and threatened. The police were applied to, all the noted haunts of the robbers of canine celebrities were searched in vain ; all the chiefs of those establishments proclaimed this time their innocence—and the poor dog was given up for lost. At the end of about ten days or a fort-

night after this, my friend had a letter from his bailiff, with the astounding announcement that Sancho had returned home, foot-sore and weary, and very thin and miserable-looking ; he had evidently not liked or approved of the goings-on in the great world of London, and took the earliest opportunity of quitting it, and returning to the charms of the country, and amongst all his old friends. The remarkable part of it is, how he could find his way back alone ; having travelled up inside the carriage, he could not, one would have imagined, have any landmarks to guide him in his long and weary pilgrimage—and it would be very difficult to say what sense guided him on the road—how he was fed, if he begged or stole his daily food, and what thoughts he meditated before he ran off from his kind master and mistress. A lady, in the same family of which the last anecdote occurred, had a most amusing spaniel named Beau ; his mistress was passionately fond of music, and played and sung a great deal, which taste, I suppose, was acquired by her faithful favourite, because he became not only an amateur, but actually also a musical performer

himself; I have often been present when the following amusing scenes occurred. When any strangers were present, and music was proposed, the moment Beau saw any one approach the piano, he jumped up, and was in the greatest excitement, and endeavoured by every means to be the first performer. If a lady sat down on the music-stool, he rushed about, pulled her dress violently, and did not scruple to tear it, if she persisted in keeping possession; the moment place was made for him, he jumped up on the music-stool, placed his fore-paws on the bass notes, and ran up gradually to the treble, striking the notes, and with his head moving from side to side like some very conceited young ladies, he bawled out what he believed an accompaniment with his voice; he usually went up and down the keys thus twice, playing and singing; and when quite satisfied, left the field open for other amateurs, going off evidently much delighted with himself, and wagging his tail, as much as to say, "There, ladies, imitate *that*, if you can!" He seldom could be induced to repeat his performance to the same audience, but was quite willing (having taken the



Rival performers



lead) to give place to others ; which trait in Beau's character might give instruction to nobler creatures, some of whom, I am sorry to say, are so much enraptured with their own performances, that they seem to forget what is due to others, and keep possession of the piano, perhaps to the exclusion of much finer performers than themselves. Beau always sat under the instrument, and was intensely delighted with music, unlike many of his species, to whom the sound of a bell, or any musical instrument, appears to strike painfully on their nerves, and make them howl piteously, a peculiarity in the natural history of the dog which I never heard satisfactorily accounted for. Beau was also a dog of courage and spirit, and, gentle though his behaviour was to his kind mistress, he was bold and daring in killing rats, and did not mind a bite, if he was seized by one of those infuriated creatures.

CHAPTER VII.

Gran. COME here, my Mark, and I will recount to you a singular and very amusing history of a magpie; but first, I must tell you, that one of the greatest difficulties in the way of properly defining the boundary between instinct and reason, is found in the practical jokes some creatures have played upon their lords: one would suppose that nothing short of thought and reason could be sufficient for knowing what would provoke or serve as retaliation; and if so, the tale of the magpie and the old washerwoman must give the bird a tolerably high intellectual position. Unfortunately for the more reasonable being of the two—if, indeed, she was so, the magpie and she had neighbouring establishments, and we may imagine that the former, with his abilities for picking and stealing,



"Oh! Drat that Birdy!"

to say nothing of his lungs, so behaved himself that no love was lost between the two. One day, however, matters came to a crisis. The magpie-hater had just carefully hung out the result of her day's hard work, and was solacing herself with that cheering cup her sisternity is so fond of. Presently her repose was broken by a most triumphant screaming. The wicked magpie had, from a safe position, watched his enemy hanging out upon the line her snowy work. With one eye at a time, in that peculiarly knowing way we all have noticed in the bird, had he scrutinized the proceedings, and by the time they were over, his mind—such as he had—was well made up. There was a muddy puddle in the yard ; so down he flew, and therein paddled until he was well bemired. Then, beginning at one end of the line of clothes, he sidled along to the other, clapping his wings and screaming with malicious joy, of course leaving a muddy track behind him. One may imagine the fierce anger of the dame at this crowning act of mischief, and the vain threats she sent after the *rara avis*, who kept provokingly chattering at her from a safe distance, as if con-

scious of a triumph. The same bird once caused immense alarm by thieving a lighted end of candle and flying with it up to the roof. He there stuck it in the thatch, and commenced dancing around his dangerous plaything, flapping and screaming with delight. Fortunately, his game was put an end to in good time. Now, in this trick, there may have been nothing more than a bare instinctive love of play ; but the first-mentioned seems to have in it observation, and—if the expression may be allowed—a thoughtful fitting of means to an end, not equal in character, but, perhaps, alike in principle with that recorded of some elephant, who wishing to pick up something not within his reach, directed a stream of air against an opposite wall, in such a line, that after reflection it drove the object within grasp of his trunk. We certainly must not put upon one level the stately doings of an elephant and the petty mischief of a magpie ; but, in any creature, a power of acting consistently with novel circumstances, does imply the existence of something more than instinct, as it used to be defined. Now, I will give you a short extract from Goldsmith, who wrote a

history of animated nature. "The magpie is the chief of its kind with us, and is too well known to need a description. Indeed, were its accomplishments equal to its beauty, few birds could be put in competition. Its black, its white, its green and purple, with the rich and gilded combination of the glosses on its tail, are as fine as any that adorn the most beautiful of the feathered tribe ; but it has too many of the qualities of a beau, to depreciate these natural perfections ; vain, restless, loud, and quarrelsome, it is an unwelcome intruder everywhere ; and never misses an opportunity, when it finds one, of doing mischief." Now, if you have patience, I will tell you a story about some rats.

You have not yet, my dear Mark, seen the old cathedral town of Bangor. It is well worthy of a visit, if only for the sake of seeing the two wonders of engineering art that bridge the blue straits of Menai. From the town you may pleasantly post along a road of about fourteen miles in the direction of the mountains. The scenery varies and gains in picturesqueness, until at length the dark waters of a long and narrow

lake, with hills of increased loftiness, warn of an approach to the small village of Llanberis. Although in your few years of life, scenes on a larger scale have stirred your young sense of beauty, yet much pleasure is in store for the day of your visit to the beautiful region of Snowdonia. The village is a pleasant resting-place for tourists who wish to ascend Snowdon—the monarch mountain of the west; near it is a waterfall, whose tumultuous stream is a striking object, and, of course, peculiarly so when in stormy weather a rainbow rests upon its snowy spray. Lord Byron's word-picture of the cataract at Velino is then remembered—

“ ————— on the verge.
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn,
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love, watching madness with unalterable mien.”

The long, deep-coloured lake ends near the ruined tower of Dolbadaru; then, there is the fine open-

ing into Llanberis pass, with very soon the pretty village and still-prettier little church, which so unexpectedly welcomes the traveller as he wends his way along the far-famed mountain road. You will say this is rather a long introduction to a story which you would rather hear than a prosy description of what you will, perhaps, one day, see for yourself; or I would describe a striking sight once seen by me from Snowdon's top.

Mark. Now, dear grandmamma, you have so much interested me already, that I will gladly wait still longer for the tale; and, you know, my visit to the place will be all the more delightful for remembering what you have told me of it.

Gran. Well, then, I will go on. On the right hand, as you face the entrance to the pass, is a road leading you by some low, white cottages to the ascent of Snowdon. The fir-trees cluster around, and the path winds prettily between rock and wood. View after view of beauty so beguiles the labour of ascent, that, were the road much steeper than it is, you would gaily go along. By-and-by, the great Black Rock, that stands like an abrupt, forbidding outpost of the Snowdon

range, comes into view. At its foot is a copper-poisoned lake, green and deadly. On the left, you look somewhat down upon the bold swellings that line the pass, and then begin to feel greatly that peculiar pleasure which only mountain travellers know. Soon you come to the half-way spot for halting—like the “rest-and-be-thankful,” on one of Scotland’s hills, so beautifully spoken of by Wordsworth. After this point, the ascent is steeper, and particularly so at the last part ; nature giving most difficulty to the traveller just before the attainment of his wishes. This surmounted, you gain the *summus mons*, and look around upon a scene, which even reminiscences of Switzerland will not keep you from admiring. Mountain, wood, and lake are around in profusion, and it is hard to choose under what aspect you would prefer to see them—when sun-light and shade, mists and clouds float about in beautiful minglings—or, when the clear bright air leaves every outline sharp, every colour bright, and even green Erin,

“The first flower of the earth,
The first gem of the sea,”

seems to meet heaven in the distance. When I

stood upon this height, the former was, to some extent, my lot. After admiring the nearer parts, I was struck with what seemed to be a beautiful golden bar of cloud shining high up in the expanse of grey evening sky. I happened to look at this with a telescope, and, with much surprise, saw that the golden light was an illuminated portion of the distant sea. There it was, grey mist beneath and around so completely cutting it off from all else, that its glistening waters seemed to be not of this world ; but rather as of heaven, even like that "sea of glass mingled with fire," spoken of by St. John in the vision at Patmos. Would you not have enjoyed it, dear ?

Mark. Yes ; much.

Gran. I know you would have done so, and am glad at helping to keep alive in a young mind, a sense of the beautiful,—such feelings for it, as have their highest use when quickening a hope for that "better country, that is, a heavenly," wherein there shall be everything pleasant to the sight ; for beauty and holiness will meet together in "the Paradise of God." Now for the story.

The visitor at Llanberis often hears deep rolling sounds as of thunder-peals. These proceed from the slate quarries, in which the rock has frequently to be blasted. I remember, when walking near the ruined tower at the entrance of the defile, being much delighted with the solemn reverberations of these sounds. One peal followed another with dying cadence, as if mountain after mountain in the unseen range behind were giving forth its voice, until, with a deep-toned distant murmur, the echo died away, somewhat as when—

“——— Jura answers through her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps that call to her aloud.”

For the purpose of boring oil is used, and kept within a chamber of the quarry. Some time ago it was found that jars left full at night were, by the morning, emptied of oil, and filled with stones. Suspicion being aroused that some “Taffy was a thief,” a superintendent kept watch. To his great surprise, he saw nearer “forty thieves” than one. A company of rats came to the jars, and, the oil not being otherwise attainable, they dropped in pebbles so as to make the dainty

contents rise to the top. Thus, no more suspicion fell upon the workmen ; the rats were respected for their intelligence, and the oil saved for the future.

Mark. Grandmamma, that is like one of Æsop's fables which I learnt the other day ; only the fable was about a fox, instead of rats.

Gran. Yes, dear ; but it is not the less true, and so this little tale will afford you compensation for listening to a long preface. You will know what to expect from your grandmamma when she again has anything to say at all connected with pretty places and pleasant sights.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mark. Oh ! grandmamma, just look at the snow, it is so thick you cannot see an inch of ground, and it falls in thick flakes so fast we shall never be able to walk to the shop to-day, and we wanted so very much to buy some rigging for Johnny's ship, which he has now been waiting for so many days—is it not tiresome? Oh, dear, what shall we do ! We counted upon going out this morning to get the little nails, and the paint, and so many things—is it not provoking? And only look how dirty and brown the poor sheep's coats look, and how black the fir-trees look ; and the hills, which were so green yesterday, are so white and dazzling—I wish it would stop snowing that we might get out !

Gran. Dear Mark, instead of standing rubbing your forehead against the plate-glass window as if

you would rub a hole in it if you could, and punish it for the bad weather, and grumbling in such a discontented strain, it would be far better to take a book and read, or employ yourself in some manner which would make you forget the snow, and pass the time quickly and profitably. Is it right to murmur at what is the will of Him to send, who is the Creator and Governor of the world? Snow keeps the ground warm, and prevents the frost killing the grass; and besides, it has properties which serve as a manure to the land, and farmers would be very sorry if there was no snow in winter, and God knows what is best to send to us, therefore it is very wrong and foolish for little boys to waste their precious time in grumbling about what there is no help for, and be assured that all things come in due season, and it is our duty to be thankful and not out of humour: that will do you no good, and only worries and vexes all who hear you.

Mark. I dare say it is all very true, what you say, grandmamma, but I did not mean to be naughty or troublesome; so if you will tell me a story I will sit by you quite still, and listen attentively, and if you will give me a skein of wool I will wind it

nicely, as I did for you the other day. May I look for it in mamma's French work table, or is it in her Indian cabinet ?

Gran. It is in neither ; but you will find some skeins of white wool in that inlaid cabinet on the ground under Thompson's painting of Duddingston.

Mark. Now I have found the wool, I will sit on this pretty gold chair of Johnny's, which Mrs. Mark Napier worked, and gave him on his birthday ; that is, if you do not think I should spoil it, with its transparent cover on. Will Johnny take this chair to sea when he goes, and will he take his gun, and the sword papa gave to him ?

Gran. It will depend upon what sized ship he first sails in, as I believe the size of his sea-chest is regulated by that ; and besides, there are improvements made upon weapons daily, and he may only have room for the last inventions.

Mark. Now for your story, grandmamma, or we shall never have time to hear it all, and I do not like to stop in the middle of a story ; so come, do begin, please, as I am all attention.

Gran. Before I begin my story, however, I will repeat you some lines made by a relation of yours,

which are very good, and well worth your remembering:—

“ Let us live, while we live—and so manage our day,
That we need not regret what we do or we say,
Bearing ever in mind that, whatever we do,
God’s precepts we strictly keep always in view.”

That I think you might commit to memory, and say it to yourself every morning, and if you act up to the sense, you will never be a bad boy or man. Act up to what your reason and the Bible teach you, and all will be well with your soul. God is a good paymaster; give what we may to Him of faith, or work, or trust, or love, or zeal, He gives back again with large interest—good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over—ten, twenty, thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold, in whatever we need most from Him. And now I think I have tried your patience sufficiently, and I will tell you a story that has just come into my mind. Old Lady Stuart, Lord Stuart de Rothesay’s mother, once had her life saved by a beautiful little Blenheim, a great favourite, which never left her day or night, except to take a run in the garden for exercise. One night Lady Stuart’s maid

had gone to bed, and all the household were fast asleep; and the old lady was reading her Bible, which she never missed doing, before she went to rest. Being rather weak-sighted, Lady Stuart had approached the candles much closer than usual, and having a cap with a deep frill round it, the lace caught fire, but she was so intent upon what she was reading, that she never perceived her cap was on fire, but the little dog saw it, and barked so loud and violently, which he was not in the habit of doing, that the maid awoke, and ran to her mistress's bedroom, to see what was the matter; and what was her surprise and horror to see Lady Stuart's head all in a blaze of fire, but which the maid was fortunately able to extinguish before it had injured her kind and aged mistress. You may suppose how grateful Lady Stuart was to God for saving her from so horrible a death, as, had the fire caught her hair, her head might have been so much hurt that she could never have recovered; and if she loved her dear little Blenheim before, you may be sure she loved it much more after rendering her such a signal service by its quickness and intelligence. It is the more singular, as this species of dog is not

in general remarkable for its sagacity, but is most useful for hunting rabbits. I once had two Blenheims called Belle and Beau. Being very small, they got so far into rabbit holes that they had to be dug out, and could not be used for sporting any more. And now, Mark, you may go and play with Basil ; and to-morrow I will find some more stories for your entertainment.

Mark. Do, dear grandmamma, for I like so very much to know all you can tell me about animals of any kind ; so, good-bye—I see Basil, and will go and play at houses.

Mark. Oh ! grandmamma, it is raining hard, so can you tell me a story ; but I see you are writing—shall I come later ?

Gran. No, dear ! I have finished my letters, and was waiting for you to come, quite ready to begin, the more so as a friend has sent me several anecdotes on purpose that I might tell them to you ; my having informed him of your taste, and being afraid that my own stock might fail with so great a demand upon it. Once upon a time, as they say, the artists at Rome used to dine to-

gether, (and probably do still,) at a Trattoria called the "Lepre." Not but what, in spite of that name, the artists fancy they sometimes have cats served up for dinner, at least when hares are scarce, though the waiters allege that the artists, especially when fresh from England, often ask for *Cani*, instead of *Carne* ; an accusation which is about as true, as that in a confectioner's shop they would ask for a *Gatto*, instead of a *Gâteau* ! However, let that pass. Among the frequenters of the trattoria was a dog called "Beefsteak," so called, it was said, because an old gentleman, who went by the name of Father Gerard, used to give him occasionally a beefsteak for dinner. Beefsteak used to attend at the Lepre as the clock struck one, and would remain there till the last artist had arrived. Being a general favourite, Beefsteak never went without his dinner, after which he would take his siesta till about seven o'clock. No one ever knew what became of Beefsteak all this time, for he did not like being disturbed. Meanwhile the artists, after smoking a cigar or two at the Caffé Greco, opposite to the Lepre, would retire to their homes. About seven o'clock, Beefsteak made his appearance

again in the Via Condotti, and watched patiently till he saw an artist—English of course, for he did not understand French or German—coming along, on which Beefsteak immediately put himself in the rear, to follow and see where his friend was going. Should he go in a wrong direction, or direct his steps one inch beyond the line usually inhabited by “forestieri Inglesi,” Beefsteak would turn round, and look out for another friend. Thus it happened that, although the artists used to give parties at each others’ houses every evening, Beefsteak invariably found his way there without any one bringing him.

Mark. I do not like your Master Beefsteak very much, he seems to think of nothing but what he could get ; and was attached to nobody but himself. Can you not tell me a story of a good affectionate dog, that thought only of his master ?

Gran. Well, he told me another story about an artist at Rome, who had a small terrier named Toby, which he took with him one day to Albano, fourteen miles distant : some time after, he went again to Albano, but not wishing to take his dog

Toby with him, he desired the housekeeper to keep him locked up. Toby waited very patiently till past midnight, and then thought his master must be at some party. One, two, three o'clock struck, and Toby thought his master was keeping it up very late, but when daylight at length appeared, without any signs of his return, he at once considered that he must be at Albano, and then waited quietly for the housekeeper to make her appearance. On her opening the door, Toby slipped out, and only turned round to laugh at Dame Barbara, running off as hard as he could to Albano. The first thing that the artist saw, on entering the breakfast room, was his dog Toby, panting and grinning at having overreached his beloved master, nor could that master scold him for showing so much love, and devotion, and intelligence; so he helped him to a good breakfast, and they both started merrily together to Rome, the master never again attempting to leave his dog Toby locked up by the housekeeper.

Mark. Toby was a clever dog, and I think his master did quite right not to scold him, or leave

him behind, as he showed such affection in running so great a distance, in search of a master who could part with his company for so long.

Gran. But, dear Mark, Toby's master may have had some good reasons for leaving him behind, such as going to a friend's house, where Toby was not welcome, or some other good reason which could not be explained to doggy, whose place it was to be obedient : but as dogs have only instinct, they are less blamable for disobedience than human beings, who may be made to comprehend that obedience must be enforced, even when the reasons for it may not be explained. And now, dear, would you like to hear a story of a cat that lived at St. Bernard's, for the monks are obliged to keep cats to kill the rats and mice, as well as keeping dogs to help them to find the people lost in the snow. This story happened at the Hospice upon the Grand St. Bernard, one of the Alps, and which I myself have visited in my youth ; and a cold melancholy place it is, and the monks deserve some credit for living in a place so elevated ; it is the highest habitation they say in the world. But about the cat : I suppose, being in such cold regions, a warm dinner

was of great consequence to keep her comfortable, and fit her for her work ; at least, so puss seemed to think, and this is the way she managed every day for a long time, before she was found out. The friar, who had the charge of the refectory, discovered that after he had filled all the plates, one was invariably emptied before the brothers had entered the room ; and thus it happened. Mrs. Puss had noticed that whenever any one came to the convent gate, and rang the bell, the monk was obliged to leave the refectory to answer it, so she hit upon the expedient of ringing the bell herself, if no one else came, and whilst the friar was answering, she jumped upon the table and stole her dinner. And I knew of another cat that did something similar : finding the servant came when her mistress rung the bell ; she therefore imitated her by ringing when she was shut up in the dining-room one day, and wanted to run out. My Mish used to show uncommon sagacity ; so much so, that the servants really imagined she had almost supernatural understanding ; but she was a Persian cat, and they are more like dogs than cats in their habits, and attach themselves more to

people than to houses, as is the usual propensity of our English breed of cats. Another curious story I can tell you is of a London-bred cat, who had had all her kittens drowned. In her disconsolate walks, after her deplorable bereavement, she found a neighbouring cat, whose kitting had taken place about the same time as her own, but who had lost all her kittens except one. Filled with envy, she watched her chance, went into the kitchen of the strange house, and after a very desperate battle, at length succeeded in making off with the longed-for prize.

Mark. What a cruel, naughty pussy ! and how very unjust, to take away, and by force, another's pet kitten ; I am sure I should not love such a cat, devoid of all principle.

Gran. You would, indeed, be most laudable, dear Mark, in expressing so much virtuous indignation, had the cat reason, instead of only possessing instinct. You must recollect the poor creature was but a cat ; but, as you seem shocked by the conduct of my cats, I will return to dogs, and tell you about our friend Mr. B.'s dog, which

was a cross between a bloodhound and a St. Bernard. One day, having had more exercise than usual, and not so large a dinner, it seized upon a large piece of Chabeysegre cheese. Mr. B. was obliged to appear very angry, and to punish him, and for days the poor dog kept to its kennel ; no enticement would induce Bell to leave his home ; at length, Sunday came round, and his master forgave him. The dog's joy knew no bounds at being forgiven. In the afternoon the family went to church, and Bell was left behind ; but in the middle of the service, when Mr. B. had just got up into the pulpit, doggy was seen proceeding along the nave, and walking up the pulpit steps, and then sat himself down, listening as attentively as any one of the congregation to the beloved sounds of his master's voice. This is another instance of the difficulty of keeping dogs away from church, if they can possibly manage to get in ; and in a hot summer's day it is impossible to avoid the doors being kept open, therefore dogs will creep in after their masters, and without disturbing the congregation they cannot be driven out.

Mark. But, grandmamma, if dogs behave themselves well and quietly, can there be any harm in their going to church?

Gran. The great fear is their barking, or otherwise attracting that attention which should be devoted to the Church service. But I can tell you a story of a little dog named Crib, who lived at Llyshenydd, in Carmarthenshire, who used to set off for church every Sunday by himself, coil himself up in the pew during the service, and afterwards walk home by himself. He was so very punctual, that the servants always used to say, "It must be time to start for church, as Crib has just gone." Whether the clocks in the house were right or wrong, Crib, who I suppose went by the church bells, was always right: a wonderful proof of imitation in a dog; a rare fact, because, different from other animals, they can be taught tricks and other accomplishments by man, but never learn by *imitation*, as monkeys and parrots will do. Now, Mark, I think I have told you as many stories as you can recollect, therefore go along and play battledore and shuttlecock, and warm yourself before dinner is ready.

CHAPTER IX.

Gran. MY dear Markie, it is raining so fast, that I am sadly afraid you will not be able to go out this afternoon. I conclude, therefore, you have come to hear some more stories. I have remembered some very droll ones since I told you the last. One of them is about a wasp, and I think it will make you laugh; but before I commence my story, pray tell me what lessons you have done with your governess this morning, and how far have you got in your English history?

Mark. Oh! I have just got to where that wicked man Cromwell has King Charles's head cut off.

Gran. I thought so, Mark, so I will tell you a story (as it was told to me) about a wasp who had his head cut off; and this friend of mine, who was standing by at the time, says he saw it take up its

head with its front legs and put it on again, just a little on one side, and then fly out of the window with it on.

Mark. Dear me, grandmamma, that is wonderful ; what a clever wasp ! How I wish that poor King Charles could have done as much. But what a pity the wasp did not put his head on again straight ; how uncomfortable he must have felt with it all on one side. I suppose he could not see to do it properly. But did the wasp *really* put on its head again ? do tell me.

Gran. No, my dear ; you are not required to believe that, though some very wonderful things do occur in nature. Worms, when cut in two by a spade, will sometimes unite again ; and some insects, when divided, will form separate insects ; while the crab, and other shell-fish, on losing a leg, will throw out another leg. There is a fish called the proteus, in the Styrian Mountains, which, living in dark caverns, many hundred feet below the ground, has no eyes, because it has no occasion for them ; but it is considered by naturalists, that if this fish were bred in a more favourable spot, its eyes would be developed—at least, in the second or third

generation. The hare, on the approach of winter, when the ground is covered with snow, changes its fur from blue to white, in order to be more secure from its pursuers. The chameleon, you have often read of its changing colour for a like motive ; but certainly I never before heard of an animal's putting its head on again after it was cut off ; but the gentleman was probably deceived by seeing the wasp fly away after it had lost its head, just as you may have seen some idle, wicked boys amusing themselves with chopping off flies' heads, in order to see the poor animals fly away with headless trunks ; but you must know, Mark, that such prolongation of life is only momentary, and is, in fact, only the continued muscular action of the body, and similar to the last dying impulse with which men, when shot in the heart, spring up violently into the air.

Mark. Thank you, grandmamma, that is very curious. Now will you tell me the other stories, please ?

Gran. Yes ! I will tell you next about a little monkey which belonged to an Italian boy that had a grinding organ, and when the boy played his

organ the monkey used to dance. He came to our house one day, and we gave him some pence, which he took directly to his master; and we thought him a very nice little monkey. Afterwards we heard that he jumped up in a little boy's face, and, seizing hold of his nose, clung on it. The poor little boy was terribly hurt, and we no longer thought this monkey so charming.

Mark. The last time I was in London, grand-mamma, I saw a man with a very large cage on wheels, and inside this cage were two cats, three white mice, a canary-bird, a bullfinch, a little dog, and a splendid old owl, altogether. The man who had them told me they never hurt each other, and mamma said they were called "The happy family." Was not that nice? Do you know how the man trains them to live all so peacefully in the same cage?

Gran. It is supposed by gorging and opiates; but the man keeps his own secret; there are many instances, however, of animals that are not friendly by nature living happily together. A few years ago, in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, a little black terrier was brought up with

some young lions, and, small as he was, he kept his large rough companions in great order. When their dinner was brought he helped himself first, and growled, and snarled most fiercely if they approached the food before he had satisfied his hunger. The lions seemed quite content to wait, and did not at all resent the arrogance of their little playfellow.

The other story I recollect was about a large black dog called Mungo, who lived near Maidstone, in Kent. He was so very clever, that his master had only to put a penny into his mouth, and send him to buy a biscuit with it. If, however, the shopkeeper only offered him half a biscuit, Mungo would retain the penny, and walk away with an offended air. A similar story is told of a dog which was in the habit of going to a particular baker's to buy gingerbread-nuts, and the dog frequently got halfpence given him by friends who heard of his intelligence, and desired to witness his performance. One day the baker cheated the dog by giving half the quantity. The dog growled, and went away, but never after did he frequent that shop, but removed his custom

to a rival baker, on the opposite side of the street.

Mark. That served the baker right, grandmamma. But you were telling me just now of monkeys; had we not a monkey called Clury a long time ago? Do you recollect anything about it?

Gran. The monkey called Clury did not belong to any of you, but to some friends of mine. I remember it was a good deal teased by a parrot which lived in the same house with it. One day Clury seized the parrot, and having plucked out all its feathers, one by one, left it in so sad a plight that it soon after expired.

Mark. Oh, what a cruel, naughty little beast! I must say I should have liked to whip this Mr. Clury!

Gran. He certainly was very mischievous, and so inquisitive, and meddlesome, that he often got into trouble. A gentleman who was staying in the house was not in good health, and went upstairs to take some medicine, which was rather nauseous. After he had it poured out into the glass somebody called him out of the room in a great hurry, and when he came back to take his physic, he

found the glass quite empty, and Clury sitting licking his lips, and making faces.

Mark. Oh ! grandmamma, I am afraid the gentleman was like me, and forgot to shut the door.

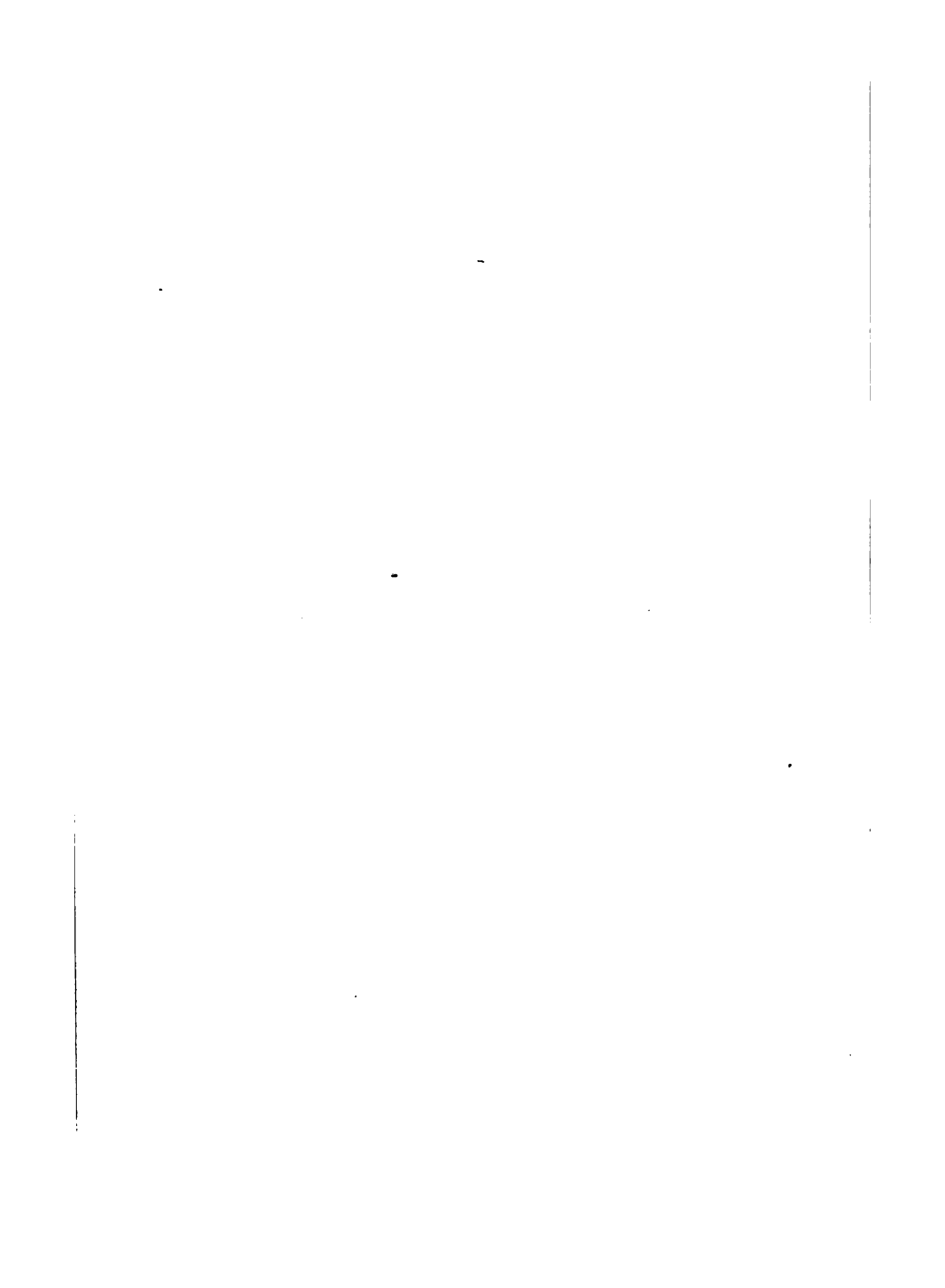
Gran. Well, Mark, that is a very bad habit, but on this occasion I believe the gentleman was not to blame, for the monkey climbed up the verandah, and made his way in at the window.

Mark. What became of Clury ?

Gran. He was sent to the Zoological Gardens, as the family to whom he belonged were afraid he would suffer very much from the cold in the winter ; for, although he always wore a little red coat, he often used to shiver, and they thought he would be much happier living with other monkeys. The room they lived in at the Zoological Gardens is always kept heated in winter. Two years after when Blanche Lane, his former mistress, a very dear friend of mine, whom you have often heard me speak of, went to see him, he instantly recognized her, and at the word of command, made his salaam, "*à la Turque*," in the hopes of being rewarded with a fig as in former times. But the



Monkey carousing.



sun is coming out again now, dear Mark, and you might go and put on your cap and coat ready to start for a walk.

Mark. I think, if you would be so kind, there will be time enough for one more story.

Gran. Very well, one more ; but that must be the last, and it shall be about a dog. A setter called Rory was so ill that he could hardly move head or tail. One Sunday, when everybody was gone to church except the cook, Rory was lying on a rug close to the kitchen fire. Presently the cook heard a loud knock at the kitchen door which led into the back-yard, and, without thinking, she opened the door. A great rough-looking man began begging. The cook said that she had nothing for him, and tried to close the door, but the man thrust in his foot, and declared loudly that he would not go away unless she gave him something. The cook, much alarmed, but with great presence of mind, seized a kettle of boiling water which was on the fire, and threatened to throw it over the intruder if he persisted in forcing his way into the kitchen against her will. The man rushed towards the cook, intending to

catch hold of her arm, but Rory aroused himself, and sprang upon the assailant, caught him by the leg, and gave him such a bite that he ran off as fast as he could, screaming and cursing: and the cook instantly secured the door.

Mark. Oh! grandmamma, what a dear good dog, so ill as he was, to find energy to jump up and bite so opportunely.

Gran. Yes; and the poor cook was quite delighted. She did not in the least expect the dog could have assisted her, he had been so very weak and ill. Now, dearest, go and get an appetite for tea, by a good run with Basil.

CHAPTER X.

Mark. GRANDMAMMA, the doctor will not let me go out to-day, therefore, I hope you will kindly amuse me by telling me some more stories, for all my brothers are gone out fishing with Walter, and Miss K. is writing to her friends at Edinburgh, and I am quite tired making my English soldiers beat the Indians, and I have used all my ammunition, so now I have only you to listen to; so, dear grandmamma, do tell me a long story, or a great many little ones, I do not care which.

Gran. I am at your service, Mark, only give me a moment's time to reflect, that I may not tell you the same story twice. I think I have one about an elephant; though not a very new one, it is curious, and you may never have heard

it. There were a great many elephants belonging to some soldiers quartered in a town in India, and as they were taken down to the river Ganges to be watered every morning, they passed by a row of little shops for the sale of goods and eatables, among which there were a barber's, a fruiterer's, a grocer's, and a confectioner's : at each of these shops the elephants put in their trunks, as if begging for some little "tit-bit," and they were generally regaled by the good-humoured shopkeeper, if at his post, with some trifle. One shop belonged to a cobbler, and when the elephants put in their trunks, he invariably gave them a slight prick of his needle, telling them to "be off." One elephant, it seems, was annoyed by this uncivil behaviour, and returning from watering one day that the river was very muddy, popped his trunk into the cobbler's stall, and squirted a vast quantity of dirty water in his face, to the infinite amusement of all bystanders. The conscience of the cobbler could not but make him feel how very just was the retribution of the dumb beast, and how gentle and merciful, when he might have repaid the cobbler

in so much more violent and severe a manner ; from that time the cobbler kept a lot of figs near him, and presented them to the elephant who had played him this trick, and they became great friends ever after.

Mark. That is a nice story, and I should like to ride upon that elephant, and give him goodies to make him love me.

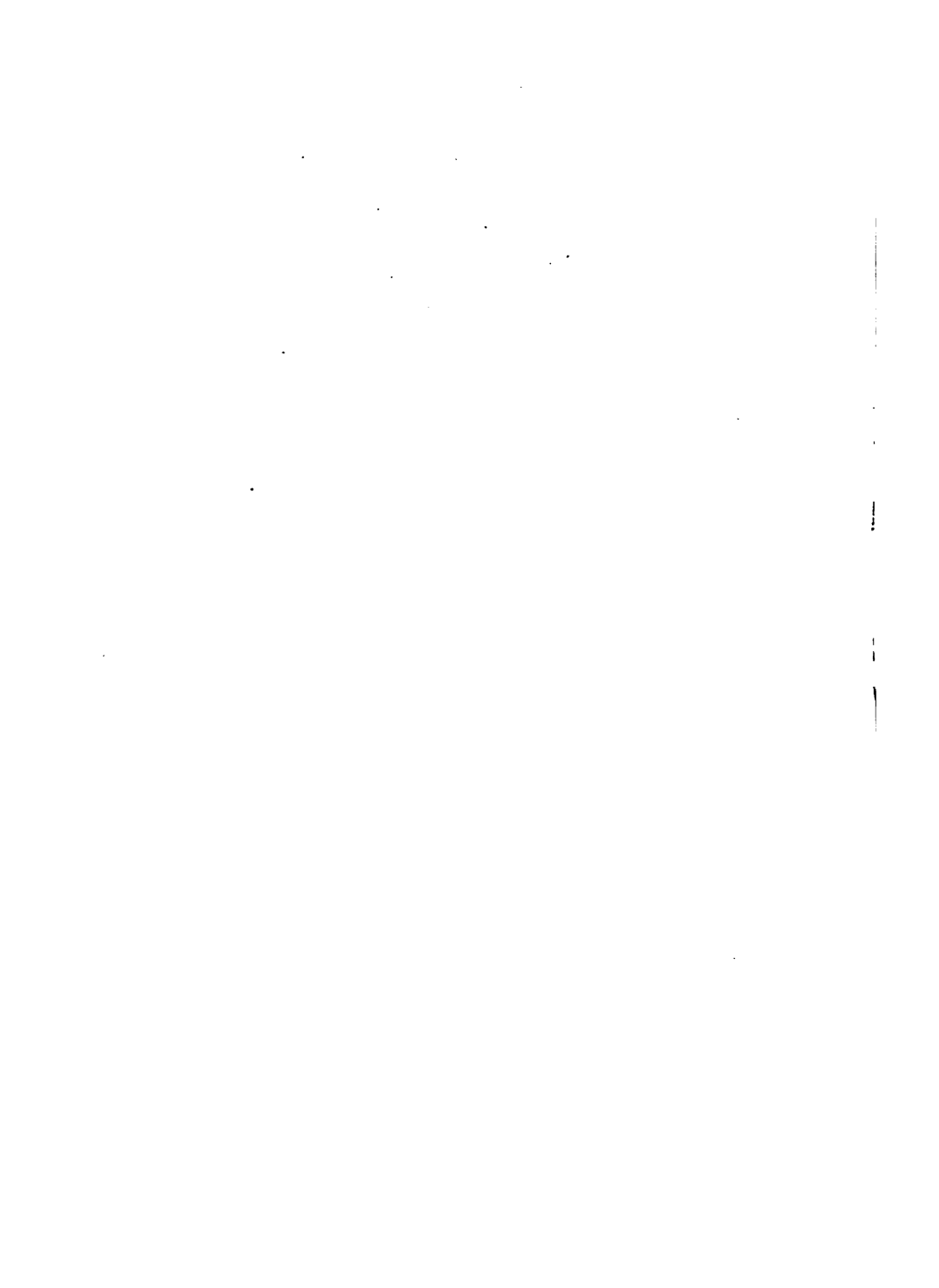
Gran. You must go to India for that, dear ; and what would grandmamma do without you ? So pray forget that fancy, and listen to another story about a poodle which belonged to an acquaintance of mine, who was making a walking tour in Switzerland, accompanied by his poodle dog. They arrived about twelve at a small road-side inn, and, being very tired, he resolved to remain there and dine and rest. After their meal the dog and his master fell fast asleep, and on waking, the gentleman found the day declining, so hastily paid the reckoning, and proceeded ; but my friend had not gone far, when he perceived the hat he had on was not his own, and, what was worse, that he had exchanged a new one for a very old one. He instantly turned to his dog,

gave him the hat, and told him to go back and bring him his own. The dog took the hat between his teeth, and set off full speed, to the little inn, and smelt about till he found a man with his master's hat on, who was endeavouring to light his pipe by a candle upon the table. The poodle jumped up, and tried to get the hat off the man's head, and at last succeeded in the attempt ; when he ran out of the room and carried the prize to his master, who had followed the dog, and witnessed the feat he so dexterously performed. Poodles can be taught anything. General Ramsay had one that used to shut the door when desired, and to waltz when a tune was played to him, and perform many other clever tricks, which I cannot call to mind : but all poodles can easily be made to fetch and carry ; and mine, if sent back for my gloves, parasol, or thick shoes, always brought them directly. I dare say your own papa's Spitz could do many clever things. He is buried near the drying ground, and was a great favourite with all the family. Ask your papa about him some day, and he will tell you.

Mark. I will do so, grandmamma, and now will



What a shocking bad rat!



you help me to build some houses, and you will see how very high I can mount them up without their tumbling down ; that is, if you do not move the table or blow them away, as Johnny does sometimes.

Gran. Very well, but whilst you are building, I will relate you an interesting anecdote, if you like, as I may forget it if I do not mention it now, and you can tell it to your brothers next rainy day. It is about Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, a great and good man, as you will find when you read his history. Courage and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this monarch's character. In his tenderest years he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarcely seven years old, being at dinner with the Queen his mother, he gave a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, but the hungry animal snapt too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiously ; but our young hero, without offering to cry, or taking the least notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble ; and wrapped his bleeding hand in the

napkin. The Queen perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He contented himself with replying, that he thanked her, but was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and so repeated their solicitations : but in vain, though the poor child was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer, who attended at table, at last perceived it ; for Charles would sooner have died than betray his dog, who he knew intended him no injury.

Mark. Oh, grandmamma, what a nice story ! Can you tell me any more about that fine boy, or of him afterwards, when he became king ?

Gran. Yes ! I can tell you one or two more anecdotes of this very remarkable man. Once, when still a child, he fell ill of the small-pox, and his case appeared very dangerous ; he grew one day very uneasy in his bed, and a gentleman who was watching him, desirous of covering him up close, received from the patient a violent box on the ear. Some hours after, observing the Prince much more calm, he entreated to know how he had incurred his displeasure, or what he had done to merit a blow. “ A blow ! ” replied Charles, “ I do not remember anything of it ; I do remember,

indeed, that I thought myself in the Battle of Arbela, fighting for Darius ; when I gave Alexander a blow, which brought him to the ground."

When Charles was grown up to be a man, he was sometimes on horseback for four-and-twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom. At last, none of his officers were found capable of following him ; he consequently rode the greatest part of his journeys quite alone, without taking a moment's repose, and without any other subsistence than a bit of bread. In one of these rapid courses, he underwent an adventure singular enough. Riding post one day, he had the misfortune to have his horse fall dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man ; but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirded his steed, clapped the whole equipage on his back, and thus accoutred, marched on to the next town, which, by good fortune, was not very far off. Entering the stable, he there found a horse entirely to his mind ; so, without further ceremony, he clapped on

his saddle and housing with great composure, and was just going to mount, when the gentleman who owned the horse, was apprized that a stranger was going to steal his property out of the stable. Upon bluntly asking the King—whom he had never seen—how he presumed to meddle with his horse, Charles coolly replied, compressing his lips, which was his usual custom, that he took the horse because he wanted one ; “for you see,” continued he, “if I have none, I shall be obliged to carry the saddle myself.” This answer did not seem at all satisfactory to the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword. In this the King was not much behindhand, and they were on the point of fighting, when the guards came up, astonished to see a subject taking up arms against his King ; you may imagine whether the gentleman was less surprised than they, at his own unpremeditated disloyalty. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the King, who, taking him by the hand, assured him that he was a brave fellow, and he would take care that he should be provided for. This promise was afterwards fulfilled, by the King making him a captain.

Mark. That Charles the Twelfth was a good man, was he not, grandmamma ? I will ask Miss K. to let me read his history, directly we have finished the History of Scotland, which we are now about.

Oh ! Grandmamma, I hear the cuckoo. Can you tell me anything about that bird ? Is it as clever as the magpie ?

Gran. I will tell you all that I know of it, which is very little, I am sorry to say. Although it is a bird so well known to all the world, its history and nature still remain in obscurity. It is somewhat less than a pigeon, and shaped like a magpie ; it is of a greyish colour, and is distinguished from all other birds by its round, prominent nostrils. It disappears all the winter, but discovers itself in our country early in the spring, by its well-known call. The cuckoo generally takes possession of the water-wagtail's or hedge-sparrow's nest, devours the eggs of the owner, and lays her own in their place. She usually lays but one egg, which is speckled, and of the size of a blackbird's. This the fond, foolish bird hatches with great assiduity, not observing any difference in the great ill-

looking changeling from her own. To supply the voracious creature, when born, the credulous nurse toils with unusual labour, no way sensible that she is feeding up an enemy to her race, and one of the most destructive robbers of her future progeny. I have time left, dear Mark, to repeat you one of your uncle's paraphrases from Isaiah, chapter xxxv., and perhaps you might like to learn it by heart, and to surprise him by repeating it to him.

The wilderness and sandy waste,
Their cheerful voice shall raise,
And blossom as the tender rose,
In Sharon's perfumed vales.

The blind shall upward raise his eyes,
The deaf once more shall hear,
And sprightly as the hart shall leap
The lame and aged seer.

Fresh streams shall gird the wilds around,
And silver springs shall gleam,
Where once was parched desert ground,
Where thirsty souls had been.

Then shall Jehovah's ransom'd train
With songs the heavens rend,
And holy Salem's sacred fane
With joyful steps ascend.

Where neither sighs nor sorrows dwell,
Where bitter tears are dried,
And everlasting joys are found
With majesty allied.

Mark. That is very pretty, grandmamma, and I will learn it by heart, and repeat it to you next week.

Gran. If you like poetry, perhaps you would listen to a poem written by a friend of mine, and published in a book which only your papa and very few other people possess, so it will, I am sure, be quite new to you, and, being historical, it will be instructive as well as interesting. It is a true story of Frederick the Great, of whom you may have heard ; but if not, you are sure to do so as you advance in your historical reading lessons ; and it is the more interesting to us English, since our Princess Royal has married a descendant of Frederick the Great, and will one day sit on that great man's throne with her husband, if they both live long enough, which, please God, they may. Now listen.

“ Fierce raged the fight on Zorndorff's plain,
The bullets fell like molten rain ;
Among the gallant hosts, on high,
Immortal Frederick's banners fly.

Borne bravely by the youngest hand,
Boy champion of that hero band;
A child in years, yet none more brave,
This day shall find a soldier's grave.
The fatal bullets round him fly,
His dearest comrades round him die;
He sees them fall, yet wavers not,
Nor falters from th' appointed spot;
But waves the eagles of the band,
And cries "God save our Fatherland!"
At length he falls, the gallant boy,
His widow'd mother's only joy;
He falls among the heap of slain;
One cry is wrung from him by pain.
That wound the hardest frame alone
Could bear, and check th' instinctive groan;
Though many hear, yet none can blame
That cry of anguish, not of shame:
And pity moves the sternest heart
To see that youthful soul depart.
But now the stern command they hear,
Of their dread monarch standing near—
'Sterbe, oder still, Föhnreich,'* Frederick cries,
And silent the child hero dies;
A Prussian to his latest breath,
Obedient even unto death."

Mark. That is beautiful, grandmamma; but it does sound harsh of Frederick to scold the poor young man for crying out when hurt so dreadfully.

* Die, or be quiet, Ensign.

Gran. Frederick knew he himself would never have cried out for any wound or torture, therefore thought no one else ought; and he feared such a demonstration would frighten the other soldiers, and show a very bad example, and probably cause more deaths if the troops took a panic and ran away. A great commander cannot stop to commiserate an individual case when thousands of lives are depending upon his own firmness and courage.

Mark. Grandmamma, we have had poetry enough, and I want another dog story.

Gran. Then listen. I told you one story of a shepherd's dog, and this is another I have been lately reading. One very severe winter, the son of Mr. Bankhead was feeding his father's sheep on an extensive common, near Penrith, in Cumberland, and had the misfortune to fall down and break his leg, when he was three miles from home, and out of the hearing of every one; and as the evening was approaching, he was for some time at a loss in what manner to act. At last he took out one of his gloves, folded it in his handkerchief, tied this about the dog's neck, and ordered him home. The

animal immediately set off, and, arriving at the house, scratched at the door for admittance. The parents of the youth were much alarmed, and concluding that some accident had happened, the father, with some of his friends, instantly set out in search of him. The dog needed no invitation to lead the way, but, of his own accord, returned with the anxious parent to the spot where his son lay ; and the young man, thus rescued from otherwise inevitable destruction by the fidelity of his dog, was taken home, and soon afterwards recovered.

Mark. It is a pity, grandmamma, that there is no manner of rewarding such dear, wise creatures.

Gran. Why, darling, they feel quite sufficiently rewarded by the affection shown by those to whom they display such devotion. Love in return is all they require, not, however, objecting to the kind attention of a good dinner daily ; nor are dogs the only creatures that are not insensible to that comforting luxury. A dog knows only one being to thank for it, but we often have more to be grateful to. First, God, and then our host, or our papa or mamma ; and I hope you remember to feel

gratitude to all who administer to your wants, not forgetting the poor cook, who toils all day over a hot fire, in the dog days, and frequently gets scolded for her trouble. For variety, I will talk to you about the ass. It was supposed to have been originally imported from Spain or Africa into Britain; but the animal, instead of being improved by domestication, has, in our island at least, entirely lost its original elegance of form and vivacity of manners. Doomed to a neglect which the race by no means deserves, it has become the slave and companion only of the poor, and often experiences all the misery of harsh ill-usage. Persons who are in the habit of seeing these patient and persevering animals treated with the kindness and attention they deserve, know that they are naturally mild and gentle, and that they undergo a reasonable share of labour and fatigue with cheerfulness and alacrity. When young, the ass has the general character and appearance of a handsome, sprightly, and even graceful animal; but age, harsh treatment, and excessive fatigue, frequently render him slow, stubborn, and headstrong. He is, notwithstanding-

ing, capable of the strongest attachment to his master, and will often immediately distinguish him from amongst a crowd of other persons, and know the places where he has lived, and all the roads along which he has been accustomed to travel. That the ass is not naturally so stupid an animal as many people are inclined to think, we have sufficient evidence in its being susceptible of very considerable educational attainments. We are informed by Leo Africanus, that asses may be taught a kind of dance, in which they will keep perfect time to music, and to perform a great variety of other entertaining feats. Gesner asserts that he was himself witness to some very singular actions of one of these trained asses. He says, that whilst the ass continued to dance, he three times changed the measure, and adapted himself to that of a new air played to him. He could walk erect with great appearance of ease. On a sudden, as if his pleasantry was changed to grief, he threw himself on the ground, and seemed to be dead. Though he was kicked and beaten he could not be induced to stir till a signal was made to him by his master. On being ordered to salute the company, he turned his

head and eyes towards them, and moved one of his fore-feet. What was considered very remarkable in the actions of this animal, and greatly astonished everybody present, was, that, on a certain signal, he leaped through a large wooden hoop, like a dog. The exhibition concluded with several persons throwing on the floor handkerchiefs or gloves, all of which the animal carefully took up in his mouth and carried to his master.

CHAPTER XI.

Gran. MY dear Mark, as I perceive you are only playing with the window-blind, and actually yawning, if you will come and sit by me whilst I am knitting, you shall hear a story about a kitten and a Scotch terrier, called Nelson, that belonged to Mrs. Keith Falconer.

Mark. Is that the lady who gave us all so many presents at Liverpool, when we were going to America some years ago ?

Gran. Yes, darling, and I rejoice to perceive that you have not forgotten how very kind she was to you so long ago, for that was early in the spring of 1857, and three years at your age is a long period: little boys should always love and be thankful to those who show them kindnesses, for if you are not thankful to those who are kind to

you upon earth, there is a great chance that you may forget to be grateful to your Father which is in Heaven, and through whom all good gifts are sent to you.

Mark. I know that, dear grandmamma, and I hope I am grateful, and mindful of the Giver of all good things; and now tell me the story of Mrs. Keith's kitten, and her little dog Nelson.

Gran. I must tell you first, that Mrs. Keith lived in the beautiful county of East Lothian, a county flowing with milk and honey, and where farming is understood to perfection; and most Scotch ladies seem to delight in that patriarchal employment, so healthful for both body and mind, and so useful to a family where there are children, and where good milk and butter, pure from your own cows, is of so much consequence. You may remember my pretty "Sunshine," a Jersey cow, whose eyes are like a gazelle's, and who will traverse the whole field when I call to her, and eats bread out of my hand. I have never been able to tame any English cow or calf to the same degree, but I have a little Normandy cow, which you have also seen, and that will also follow me about the

fields for bread ; but none of her progeny will do so.

“ The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,
Wasted around their rich perfume ;
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspen slept beneath the calm.”

Mrs. Keith's house was beautifully situated in a lovely valley, which may be described in the words of the same poet :—

“ Boon Nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child ;
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in back clift a narrow bower ;
Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain ;
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath ;
Aloft, the ash, and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
And higher yet the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.”

Here then, in this picturesque spot, Mrs. Keith lived, and farmed comfortably and successfully, surrounded by a happy family. The kitten and Scotch terrier passed their days in the stable yard, but at night the terrier was brought into the house, as a watch-dog, and slept before the hall fire, to which place the kitten followed, always nestling beside her dear friend and companion, the terrier. Invariably the kitten and terrier dined off the same plate. Their attachment had continued two years, during which time, if the terrier went out with the groom, and was away at the usual dinner-time or bed-time, poor puss was quite restless and unhappy. One day Lord Inverary, Mrs. Keith's nephew (who was afterwards killed by a fall from his horse when hunting in Northamptonshire), took the terrier out with him when he went to shoot rabbits, and upon his return home the dog was not to be found. Nelson had not followed Lord Inverary home, and he had missed him for some time before returning to the house. Puss was inconsolable, and could not eat or rest, but went about mewing piteously. Another day passed, and Nelson did not appear. On the third morning pussy

was seen very much excited, mewing and marching up to every one, looking up in their faces, and rubbing against them and lifting one of her paws imploringly, and then running and looking back, as much as to say, oh, do follow me ; this she did with such perseverance that at last one of the servants thought her manner very strange, and did follow her. She led him to a little wood full of wild raspberry bushes, at some distance from home, and there, under a thick bush, quite concealed, lay poor little Nelson—dead ! Lord Inverary then recollected having shot a rabbit across that very bush, and must have killed the poor dog in doing so. Most fortunately Nelson had evidently died at once, without a cry or a struggle ; and had it not been for poor pussy's affection and sagacity, the family would never have known what had become of him.

Mark. And what became of the poor cat ? such an interesting creature. I hope she did not die of grief.

Gran. No ; but it was a very long time before she could be consoled, or seemed at all happy again without her companion.

Mark. Poor thing; but tell me, dearest grand-mamma, had Mrs. Keith any more pets besides this puss and Nelson the terrier?

Gran. Not that I know of; but she told me of two pointers belonging to her uncle that were often chained together, and seemed to have a great attachment to each other; however, one died, and was buried, and his companion saw the interment, and nothing could induce him to leave his friend's grave, and if forced away, always returned to it, and pined, and pined, until he died in three weeks after, and was buried by his friend.

Mark. What a dear dog! how great must have been his affection.

Gran. I perceive it is late, and your governess must already be expecting my little Mark; therefore another day you shall hear more stories from me of the canine race.

CHAPTER XII.

Gran. DEAR Mark, when you have tired yourself playing at houses, and want a little quiet, I have got a new story for you, fresh imported from a friend near London, who was walking one day through a beautiful clover field ; the sun declining, and with its rich yellow beams gilding the tops of the Surrey hills, with a wild heath on one side, and the ground rising here and there, covered with ferns, which make a thick and beautiful underwood in that part of the country. My friend was alone with her faithful dog, Lupus, a fine noble fellow, whose picture I will show you, for she has had it done on purpose for me to show to you. This same Lupus was loitering at a little distance from his mistress, both enjoying the cool and calm of

the evening, never remembering or dreaming that even lately, in their neighbourhood, robberies, and also murder, had been committed; and that it was scarcely safe to be out and unattended at such an hour. Suddenly my friend was aroused from her sweet reverie by the tramp of three very ill-looking fellows coming towards her, and whom she was obliged to pass by; she instantly felt it right to call to her dog, who, promptly obeying the summons, came close to her, and there remained till the three men passed on; Lupus then rushed forward and walked close behind them, keeping himself between the men and his mistress. One of the men looked back askance over his shoulder at the unbidden attendant, but they all walked on, and my friend gained her own lodge gate, and was safe within its friendly protection, which, when effected, Lupus became extremely elated, and would permit no one to approach his beloved mistress without an angry growl, as if the late escape from danger had aroused all his watchful jealousy. The mother of Lupus was a wolf-hunter, in Spain, and brought to England by a soldier in Sir De Lacy Evans's troop.

Mark. Grandmamma, I hope that some day your friend will show me the real live dog that this is a picture of.

Gran. I am sure she will have very great pleasure in doing so, and also show you her other dog, Pluto, who is a near relation of Lupus's. But now I have received another letter from Lady Wilkinson, who says that I owe it to the shade of my dear and dead Mish, to tell you some stories of attached cats as well as dogs; and she tells me, that when she and her brothers and sisters were living in a house in the south of Wales, at a beautiful place, with a view of the Swansea Bay and the Mumbels, which you looked at over a green sloping lawn, fringed with a pretty shrubbery, and gravel-walk extending down to the sands, their destiny obliged the family to move to another house in a still more lovely locality, called Killibeen. One of their many pets of the feline species showed evident uneasiness and grief at seeing the furniture packed up, and watched the progress from room to room; but when the schoolroom furniture came to be removed, it seemed quite to overcome poor puss, and it

was too much for her to bear, so, after crying piteously over it, she at length leapt into the wagon along with the things, and actually remained in it to travel the whole twelve miles: when it arrived and stopped at the door of the new abode, puss jumped out, and walked in to take possession, as if she had always resided there.

Mark. What an intelligent cat! I thought they only cared for the house, and not for the inhabitants.

Gran. That seems to be what is called a vulgar error, for it has too often proved erroneous; but the sad part of my story is, that after the children's delight to find that their cat cared for something more than mere locality, there happened to be some carpenters at work in the house, and they had a dog, which they most wickedly set at the cat, which made her fly out of the house, astonished at so unusual a greeting, and Lady Wilkinson and her sisters never saw poor pussy more; but they were pretty sure the poor cat had died in the vain attempt to run back to her old home; for twelve miles was a long distance for a cat to travel.

Mark. That was, indeed, a sad and undeserved end for so dear and sensible a little creature, and I hope Lady Wilkinson and her brothers reproved the cruel carpenters for so wickedly setting a dog at their favourite cat.

Gran. I have no doubt they did scold the carpenters ; but some men are hard-hearted, and so are boys, and love to torment cats ; but I trust you will never imitate them, and thus show that you are a true Christian, not only in name, but in deed, and honour your God by being kind to his creatures ; else, of what use is the reason given to us by our bountiful Creator ?

Mark. I should like you now to tell me a story of a dog, only do not let it end so sadly as that about Lady Wilkinson's cat.

Gran. Very well, dear Mark ; amongst those I have collected of my friends for your edification, is one of a Scotch terrier, the species of which is made mention of in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and was like one I myself once had, and which was presented to me by Sir Walter himself, but I was obliged to send it back soon after, as I was going abroad, and my sister would not take it with

us. Several of this gentleman's family were visiting Barmouth in the summer of 1848, and the rector had lately got a dog of this Dandy Dinmont breed, a very handsome fellow, black and brown. The dog took a great fancy to the young lady of the family, and accompanied her in all her walks, but always refused food in the house. Before the family left the place, the rector presented the young lady with the dog, on the condition that the name Gwalch, which is the Welsh for Dandy, should never be changed. Accordingly Gwalch went home with them into Worcestershire, and soon became a great favourite with the whole family, who thought him exceedingly sagacious and faithful. About two years after the young lady married, and as they were all leaving Worcestershire about the same time, it was thought best for one of the brothers to take Gwalch home with him into the south of Staffordshire, and keep him till the newly-married lady was settled in her own home, which was in the north of the country. Gwalch did not seem to approve of the arrangement, for, though he was tied up, and every precaution taken, he contrived to effect his escape

with a long chain tied to his collar. Rewards were offered, and hand-bills posted up, but all to no purpose. Nothing was heard of the dog, and the family gave him up as completely lost. About six months after, his mistress was driving in Newcastle, quite thirty miles from where the dog got loose, and amongst a number of disreputable-looking street curs, the lady saw her favourite, and called to him ! in an instant he was on her knee, and the meeting can better be imagined than described. His history and absence could never be traced, and the only thing they could ascertain was, that he had only arrived in Newcastle that day. His collar was gone, and his appearance altogether most forlorn. The adventures of Gwalch did not end here, for, a year or two after, one of his fore legs got so injured that it had to be amputated, and for many years after he hopped on three legs, and even followed the carriage to considerable distances. His delight at seeing his old friends was always unbounded when they visited at the house where he dwelt ; and when told the lady's brother was coming, he would generally go some way on the road to meet him. He sleeps at

last, dear old dog ; but his memory will long be cherished by every member of the family he loved so well.

The power of memory in the Skye terrier is wonderful. A gentleman's dog, Pepper, a very handsome one, was educated chiefly by the coachman, who had lived many years in the family. The coachman left the service, and eight years after he happened to call at the house, when the dog, after looking at him for a minute or two, recognized him, and began directly to practise all the tricks he had been taught by him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Gran. I INTEND to-day to give you a specimen of your papa's poetry, written upon a white kid glove, which he found in his charter chest, now at Thirlestane Castle, but once located at the old family tower, that is still standing near Edinburgh. You have seen the relics in that charter chest—Napier's bones, and Montrose's stockings and gloves, and many other articles of dress in which he was hung,—sad memorials of a devoted royalist. But of this lady's glove:—No positive record remains of the owner, yet a lady's glove being found, inspired your father with these lines, which I want you to hear, and perhaps it may inspire you with a desire, one day, to express your thoughts in as pretty language. Why not soon? for you have cousins who write poetry already, though younger

than yourself; and no one knows what their mental powers are until they try. So listen, love, to me.

“ Oh ! fragrant yet with long-forgotten love,
How the heart hovers o'er this hoarded glove !
At the soft contact dim delights appear,
And sighs long silent haunt the startled ear ;
And smiles and tears, and mirth of silvery sound,
In rainbow riot, flash and flutter round,
Though knightly lips this sacred relic press'd,
When tassel gentle ruffled on the wrist,
Cold is the slender hand that could impart
Or dread or daring to a hero's heart ;
And feed the soaring soul, that sought this prize,
Here mould'ring with earth's proper vanities.
For see assembled all the various spoil
Heap'd by a long hereditary toil ;
Here martial honours gain'd in ages dark,
There, settlements engross'd by Cupid's clerk ;
The roll of baronies, once broad and fair,
Whose empty titles mock the curious heir.”

Mark. That is very pretty poetry of papa's, and I shall be very proud if I can ever write any like it, upon any subject.

Gran. Yes, dear, I hope so ; but poetry is a gift, and can seldom be attained by study, though it may be greatly improved by learning and know-

ledge. But how does your drawing progress? If you could draw ships like Mrs. Hamlyn, you might decorate your bedroom at Barcombe, as she has done the drawing-room, by the pretty ship she gave to me, and that I framed and glazed and hung up by the fireplace; and every sailor who sees it remarks that he could not have drawn a better! And she had very little teaching, if any; so you see what can be done by persevering and copying good models. Since we are in a poetic mood to day, suppose I repeat to you a pretty poem, by Miss Howitt, called "The Sale of the Pet Lamb of the Cottage."

Mark. Oh, do grandmamma; you know there is always a pet lamb at Thirlestane, but he is never killed; and I remember your saying you would refuse to eat any of it if it were; indeed, I think you said it was a pity ever to kill lambs, and that it was a cruel waste, especially after a hard winter, and when many sheep have died.

Gran. Certainly, that is my opinion; and I wish other people thought the same. But to begin my story about the Pet Lamb of the Cottage, here it is; and I will also show you a pretty

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picture of the melancholy scene which I have by me, and that was published many years ago in an annual which I bought to amuse your mother, who then learned a great deal of poetry, in English and other languages.

Mark. Do begin, I am quite impatient to hear.

Gran.

Oh, poverty is a weary thing, 'tis full of grief and pain,
It boweth down the heart of man, and dulls his cunning
brain ;

It maketh even the little child with heavy sighs complain.

The children of the rich man have not their bread to win ;
They hardly know how labour is the penalty of sin ;
Even as the lilies of the field, they neither toil nor spin.

And year by year, as life wears on, no wants have they to
bear ;

In all the luxury of the earth they have abundant share ;
They walk among life's pleasant ways, and never know a
care.

The children of the poor man—though they be young, each
one,

Early in the morning they rise up before the rising sun ;
And scarcely when the sun is set, their daily task is done.

Few things have they to call their own, to fill their hearts
with pride,—
The sunshine of the summer's day, the flowers on the high-
way side,
Or their own free companionship, on the healthy common
wide.

Hunger and cold, and weariness, these are a frightful
three ;
But another curse there is beside, that darkens poverty ;
It may not have one thing to love, how small soe'er
it be.

A thousand flocks were on the hills—a thousand flocks, and
more,—
Feeding in sunshine pleasantly,—they were the rich man's
store ;
There was the while, one little lamb, beside a cottage door.

A little lamb that did lie down, the children 'neath the tree ;
That ate, meek creature, from their hands, and nestled to
their knee ;
That had a place within their hearts, as one of the family.

But want, even want, as an armed man, came down upon
their shed,
The father labour'd all day long, that his children might
be fed,
And, one by one, their household things were sold to buy
them bread.

That father, with a downcast eye, upon his threshold stood,
Gaunt poverty each pleasant thought had in his heart subdued ;

“What is the creature’s life to us ?” said he, “t’will bring
us food !

“Ay, though the children weep all day, and with down-
drooping head,
Each does his small craft mournfully !—the hungry must
be fed ;
And that which has a price to bring, must go to buy us
bread !”

It went—oh ! parting has a pang the hardest heart to
wring,
But the tender soul of a little child with fervent love doth
cling,
With love that hath no feignings false, unto each gentle
thing !

Therefore most sorrowful it was those children small to
see,
Most sorrowful to hear them plead for their pet so piteously ;
“Oh ! mother dear, it loveth us ; and what besides have
we ?

“Let’s take him to the broad, green hills, in his impotent
despair,”
Said one strong boy, “let’s take him off, the hills are wide
and fair ;
I know a little hiding-place, and we will keep him there !”

'Twas vain!—They took the little lamb, and straightway
laid him down,
With a strong cord they tied him fast,—and o'er the com-
mon brown,
And o'er the hot and flinty roads, they took him to the
town.

The little children through that day, and throughout all the
morrow,
From everything about the house a mournful thought did
borrow;

Oh! poverty is a weary thing, 'tis full of grief and pain,
It keepeth down the soul of man, as with an iron chain;
It maketh even the little child, with heavy sighs complain!

Mark. Grandmamma, I could cry over that story; but I hope such things do not happen very frequently; if papa had been the rich man mentioned, he would have given the money, and left the children their pet.

Gran. No doubt, if he had been at home at the time; but these things take place when the proprietors are away from home, and know nothing of these transactions. Now, would you like to hear some lines, written by your uncle, upon Genesis, 47th chap., 8th ver.—“And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, ‘How old art thou?’”

“ ‘ Evil and few the days I’ve seen
And sad my pilgrimage has been,
Nor have I yet attain’d the age
Which crown’d my father’s pilgrimage—’
Thus Jacob spake in times of old,
And thus life’s tale may yet be told.
Oh! who can all his days review
And not exclaim how sad and few!
When I look back and gaze upon
So much of life, now spent and gone,
I feel my soul within me sink,
And from the dreary vision shrink;
Because to me the time that’s past,
Seems like a blank and dismal waste.
Where many a thorn and noxious weed
Has sprung to choke the goodly seed.”

So now give me a kiss, put away your drawing,
and run about; it is not good to sit so very long
bending over your paper. Good-bye, another
day you shall be again entertained by my glean-
ings.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mark. GRANDMAMMA, I have been such a good boy all this week, that I am to have a whole holiday to-day ; and as I am going to copy some ships out of the illustrated newspaper, I want you to amuse me, whilst I am so employed, by telling me some of your nice stories ; but you may tell me what you please, be it about dogs, cats, monkeys, birds, or any other animals ; or parrots, or even of men, women, or children, or about pretty countries ; in short, grandmamma, here I am, settled for an hour on the ground, pencil in hand, ready to listen to anything you like to tell me—so begin.

Gran. Very well ! I will begin then with some stories sent me by a Miss Storey, your cousin's sister. She told me she was one day walking on

the beautiful cliffs at Watcombe, overlooking a picturesque house and lawn, decked with rustic baskets filled full of geraniums of all colours, and verbenas of varied and lively hues ; and round the outside of a sunken fence there is the softest sheep's pasture, so undulating and smooth, that you would be inclined to run up and down the slopes, which are bounded by rocky hills, abruptly descending to the sea shore. Miss Storey and her friend Miss Bell sat down to rest upon an elevated grassy mound, contemplating the blue sky and still deeper blue of the sea, on whose tranquil bosom floated a yacht here and there, its pure white sails glistening in the sun, when suddenly they were startled by a fine large dog rushing by them, panting and sniffing the ground, as if in search of his master, and soon disappearing again to pursue farther the search for his missing owner. That dog, said Miss Bell, reminds me of a dog I once knew belonging to a friend in Jersey, of which I was much afraid, but being very intimate with the family, I frequently saw the dog, and he never molested me. My friend left the island for a time with his family,

and on going away offered me the use of his library. One day, accordingly, I went to the house, and into the library, and the dog, eying me suspiciously, followed me into the room, and laid himself down at the threshold, so that I could not go out without stepping over him or pushing him aside. Having chosen the book I wished to read, I endeavoured to push by the dog gently, but he sprang up at me, and I was obliged to cry out to the servants, who, coming in haste, drove away the dog, and I was enabled to leave the house unhurt. On the return of the family, I was again walking with them one day, and the gentleman called to his dog, and spoke to him thus:—"How dared you, sir, annoy this lady, when I gave her leave to go into my library in my absence?" at the same time pinching the dog's ear. I shall never forget the look of hatred the beast turned upon me ; and from that day he carefully avoided me, always shrinking away, and evidently not at all more convinced of my good character ! Miss Bell continued, I must say the dog was a valuable and faithful creature, for he did once save his master from being robbed. There was one of the

servants in the house against whom the dog had a strong antipathy ; no peace could ever exist between them ; and one night the dog caught that man in the very act of secreting some valuables in the drawing-room, and the man was arrested with the articles upon his person.

Mark. That dog was very good and useful to his master, but not so discriminating as he ought to have been, and as dogs usually are.

Gran. No, dear ; but you must always remember that they are but dogs after all, and that the wonder is they ever do show so much apparent wisdom. And that seems given them in unequal measure, more or less as God pleases, and as the peculiar occasion requires. The ravens are not in general sagacious, but it pleased God to put it into their heads to take food, and to feed Elijah when starving in the wilderness ; as He caused the whale to swallow Jonah, to preserve him from a greater danger. God can inspire whom and what He pleases to work out His will. It seems, He, the Giver of all good, has made the dog to be the companion and friend of man, to help and aid those who have no other friend, or in some

manner in which no other friend could. Nor can you buy the affections of dogs, for I recollect to have heard of a little dog which belonged to a private in a regiment, and it was so very pretty a creature that one of the officers took a fancy to it, and persuaded the soldier to sell it to him, but the affection of the little creature was so great, that she refused food, and began to pine away, till the officer was obliged to send for her former master, at whose sight the poor little dog went into a transport of joy, and she devoured some food at his hand ; on seeing which her new master returned her to the soldier, and relinquished all hope of making a pet of it. Here was no cupboard love, as some imagine dogs are only capable of ! And they can show as much attachment to each other. For an acquaintance of mine had two little dogs, drawing-room pets : one of them died, and the other moped sadly. At last, in a fit of deep depression, the living dog hit upon the plan of making friends with a dirty dog, who lived in the stable-yard, and having hunted together all day, the pet used to come into the drawing-room, of an evening, panting, dirty, and exhausted, but,

after a brief trial of such ungentleman-like habits, gave them up in disgust, and returned to its former well-bred drawing-room life and existence.

Mark. Well, grandmamma, that is the first little dog I ever heard of setting up for a regular dandy or fine lady, for you do not mention whether it was a little lady or a gentleman, except in saying it did not like ungentlemanlike habits. But tell another.

Gran. I can tell you a curious fact about rats, which a friend mentioned to me when I asked him for a story illustrative of "Reason" as well as of "Instinct." He began by saying that he denied the difference *in toto*, for, said he, "There are some actions of animals so extraordinary that it would be very difficult to say in what they differ from reason. For instance, do you know how rats steal eggs? They carry eggs hundreds of yards from the hen's nest to their own stores! how is this to be done? Tell me what your reason replies. They must carry them *without breaking*, remember, to their stores. Well, if a rat is hungry, and wants a *present* supply, he simply goes and breaks an egg, and eats it on the spot, but if the object is to *store* those eggs, two rats go together,

one pulls out an egg from under the hen, and having done so, he lies down flat on his back holding the egg in his paws, and having thus transformed himself into a carriage, duly laden, the other rat pulls him along by the tail, and thus they carry off the egg, coaching away to their nest!

This fact was observed by a most intelligent child, who is fond of studying natural history, with his own eyes; and you may believe his evidence of this interesting fact.

The same incident is described in one of Fontaine's Fables, which, perhaps, you have read with your governess:—

LES DEUX RATS, LE RENARD, ET L'ŒUF.

Deux rats cherchaient leur vie; ils trouvèrent un œuf,

Le dîné suffisait à gens de cette espèce:

Il n'était pas besoin qu'ils trouvassent un bœuf.

Pleins d'appétit et d'allégresse,

Ils allaient de leur œuf manger chacun sa part,

Quand un quidam parut: c'était maître renard;

Rencontre incommode et fâcheuse;

Car comment sauver l'œuf? Le bien emballer;

Puis des pieds de devant ensemble le porter,

Ou le rouler, ou le traîner?

C'était chose impossible autant que hasardeuse

Nécessité l'ingénieuse

Leur fournit une invention.

Comme ils pouvaient gagner leur habitation,

L'écornifleur étant à demi-quart de lieue,

L'un se mit sur le dos, prit l'œuf entre ses bras ;

Puis, malgré quelques heurts et quelques mauvais pas,

L'autre le traîna par la queue

Qu'on m'aïlle soutenir, après un tel récit

Que les bêtes n'ont point d'esprit !

(LA FONTAINE, Livre i. Fable 1.)

CHAPTER XV.

Mark. DEAR grandmamma, you promised to give me some stories about taming pet dogs, or any domestic animal, so as to make them obey me, and love me.

Gran. Yes, my boy, and I think you are quite aware that kindness and gentleness are the surest means of success; and, like training little boys and girls, firmness, joined to kindness, will generally succeed. Young dogs may be taught many amusing tricks, and after each lesson they ought to be rewarded by giving them something they like. Dogs have a very fine sense of smell, and thus they do not fail to recognize the touch of their master, even after a long time has elapsed since the article had been near him, and it is by this

wonderful gift that dogs follow a track with such unerring certainty, as so many authentic facts bear witness. It is thus that the sagacious creature called the bloodhound has very frequently traced a murderer to his place of concealment; but this animal is so fierce and savage that it is not permitted to be used in England, lest it might tear the object of its search to pieces; and when it is used for scent it is always muzzled. They are very large and noble-looking animals, by no means common in England; it is a pity they could not be made more gentle, as in cases of great crimes, such as murders, or the wickedness of setting fire to corn or hay ricks, which foolish and sinful persons sometimes do out of revenge against some one who they think has offended them, a dog of this sort taken to the spot where the offence was committed, would not fail to follow the footsteps, no matter how many miles off, provided they had not crossed a stream, when the scent would be lost in the water. Mr. Hyett, of Painswick House, has a most magnificent dog, a Russian greyhound; he stands very

high, and is of a rough coat, the colour we should call a Queen's pepper-and-salt; he is one of those very intelligent creatures who can do some truly wonderful feats. For instance, one morning at breakfast, some gentlemen, who were staying at Mr. Hyett's, stated that they were going away by a certain train that day. Mr. Hyett said he did not think there was a train at that hour—but, he said, "We will consult Bradshaw." He then said to his noble Russian, "Pipe, go and fetch Bradshaw out of the library." They opened the door, and out trotted Pipe, returning quickly, looking very proud and with head erect, carrying the book in his mouth which he had especially been ordered to bring! This startled the guests, who expressed their wonder and admiration at the intelligence evinced. But the explanation of the apparent miracle by which a dog could select from a well-filled library of many hundred volumes the especial one named by his master is as follows:—When a dog has learnt to fetch and carry, you proceed to cultivate their sense of smell, by making them understand they are to bring the last article their

master touched. So Mr. Hyett having placed the book that morning upon his library table, wished to interest his friends by seeing his dog bring it to him when ordered. Pipe naturally, as was his habit, knew where to seek it. It would amuse you, Mark, to teach a little dog yourself to play at hide-and-seek, by training it to hunt for little articles you may place under the sofa cushion or in the folds of a window curtain ; but remember all teaching carried on by any means but kindness is cruel. Never beat your pet when it does not obey you, but only reward it by patting, or little bits of cake, or a bone, when he does right. I remember hearing from Mr. Hyett's family, some years ago, a pretty story of two handsome Skye terriers they had, which showed more decided reason than that of the bringing the book. It occurred thus :—It was on Sunday, one of the young ladies, not being well, did not go to church, but the day becoming fine, she went out to the front lawn to warm herself in the sun. One of the little Skye terriers came up to her in great excitement, pulling her dress, and dragging her to the centre of a grass plat in the carriage-drive

up to the house : it stood there whining and looking up in her face, and then scratching the ground vehemently. Each time she went away the dog led her back, with the same demonstrations of distress. When the family returned, and Mr. Hyett was told this, he sent for a man to dig at the spot indicated by the poor little creature, and at length they heard the low whine of the other little dog, which was speedily released from its prison by this means, and the frantic joy demonstrated by the faithful Scot when he saw his little wife saved was quite touching ; but, remarkable as this was, his after-conduct was more so—he took hold of the dress of one of the liberators, either Mr. Hyett, or the labourer, and led them down the steep bank which is behind the house, and pointed out to them the entrance of the drain by which its companion had entered, and which was either not known or forgotten by every one, as the bank is full of fine forest trees and shrubs—this last point of intelligence I look upon as most singular, as it could not have been taught by any human skill or power.

Having told you about the manner in which

you should treat dumb animals, and that kindness is the law which ought to guide you in keeping them for your amusement, I will give you a pretty little poem or hymn, which all children would do well to learn and keep in their memory constantly :—

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently, it is better far,
To *rule* by love than fear !
Speak gently, let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.
Speak gently to the little child ;
Its love be sure to gain,
Lead it to God in accents mild ;
It may not long remain.
Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear ;
Pass through this life as best they may,
They'll find it full of care.
Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the open heart ;
His course of life is nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.
Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toil'd in vain,
Perchance, unkindness made them so,
Oh, win them back again !

Be gentle to the poor dumb things,
They all were made by God,
And He will surely punish those
Who sin against His Word.

And having told you so many stories in prose, I will give you one on a different subject, and in verse. The event happened many years ago, at Portobello, the very pretty watering-place near Edinburgh, which is famous for its very fine sands ; it is a fashionable bathing-place in summer, and, from its sands being so hard, it is there the cavalry regiments quartered in Edinburgh are generally exercised. This little tale occurred in the family of one of the descendants of the Earl of Cromarty, who lost all his property, which was confiscated on account of his adherence to the fortunes of the Stuarts. The gentleman's mother was one of the daughters of this nobleman. During a very severe winter in Scotland, a long frost occurred, and one morning it was discovered that a whole family of mice were dead in a trap, which was of the cage kind, with spiked holes ; there were four little ones, and their mother sitting above them ; they were all frozen in that

posture ; and Mr. Glassford wrote the following lines to commemorate their sad fate :—

“ A prey to treacherous arts, and ruthless skies,
Imprison'd here a frozen family lies,
Cruel, on such a night their cage to bait,
And add to Nature's rigour human hate.

Must Nature's fury and relentless wire
Against a weak and timid race conspire,
At once exposed and captive must they lie,
Death in the gales, nor any way to fly ?

Long they attempt the palisaded door,
And oft the crimson drop has speck'd the floor,
Clustering at last each others' warmth they seek,
Covering and nestling in embraces sleek.

Save one, the careful mother of the nest,
Who like a bird sits brooding o'er the rest,
See how maternal love has lick'd their feet,
And what she could imparted of her heat.

Led by her love she sought the prison room,
A willing victim in the general doom,
Her anxious love maintain'd her circling blood,
Till one by one expired the feeble brood.

Though bared her sides to all the cutting blast,
She had the longest lived and stiffen'd last,
E'en now that death has fix'd her eyes of jet,
Still does she gaze, and *seem* to watch them yet.

And long as winter wields her sceptre keen
In silence does she act the tender scene,
Like her who fabled in the Grecian strain,
Ceaseless laments her many children slain ;
Both are as marble fix'd, as marble chill,
For ever mourning, yet for ever still."

James Glassford, Esq.

I hope, Mark, you like the true history of the poor little mice and their mother ; it is a pity those creatures are so destructive, as they are very pretty ; their eyes are so brilliant, and their movements so graceful ; yet a family of mice will soon commit great havoc amongst stores of any kind ; candles or sweetmeats, soap or figs, appear to be equally agreeable to their greedy palates. Consequently it is necessary to destroy them as vermin ; but at all times it ought to be accomplished with as little pain as possible, as it is a sin to torture any creature by a lingering death, if it can be killed speedily ; but mice are so timid and so quick, it is difficult to catch them, except by a trap. White mice and white rats are very pretty, but they always have such an unpleasant smell. I do not like to see them kept as pets, which children occasionally do, and feed them on grain or

vegetables ; they must be kept in cages, and it appears to me very cruel to prevent them enjoying their liberty, although their being at large would assuredly result in their lives being in very considerable danger. There are many well-attested facts of the sagacity of rats, one or two of which you might like to hear. I will mention one which happened in a large country-house, in Dumbartonshire, not very far from Loch Lomond. The house was situated very near the water, consequently was infested with the water-rats, and they had gained such ascendancy, and were in such vast numbers in the cellars, that they threatened serious injury to the foundations. It was therefore deemed advisable to endeavour to get rid of them by poison, and a quantity was laid in the cellars, to which no one had access but those who kept the keys, so there was no danger to the poor dogs or cats of the family, as it is very unjustifiable, on any pretext, to lay poison in an exposed place, where either your own or your neighbours' domestic animals could be injured by it, and caused to die a painful and miserable death. Well, to proceed ; morning after morning, when the

poisoned messes were searched for — pieces of meat, &c., having been put in the traps, it was found everything was cleared away. Good hopes, of course, were felt that the large quantities consumed must end in the destruction of the hordes of depredators ; yet, no ! they seemed as numerous and bold as ever ; after a time the frightful smells from the cellar made this gentleman think many dead rats must be behind the casks and in the bins ; men were procured, and examination made, when, what was their astonishment to discover that not one bit of the poisoned meat had been eaten, but that each night the rats had carried it away, and *hidden* it entirely. To give an idea of their greediness, I may tell you of a gentleman (who inhabited the same part of Scotland, very many years ago, when the formidable idea of French invasion filled every one's mind with fear, and made people desire to secrete away as much as possible) who put up in leather bags a very large sum of money in guineas, which was placed in his cellar, the paving-stones of which were taken up, and the bags of gold deposited under them. Years passed, and the alarm disappeared.

also. When the old gentleman and his son went to his depository to disinter the hidden treasure, imagine their dismay when they found no traces either of bags or gold; and all their riches gone, which they looked forward to bringing again into use. It was not for the sinful purpose of hoarding up selfishly the bountiful provision which a kind and liberal God had bestowed on them; *that* is a great sin, as God, you know, makes us all stewards; to some He gives much, to others little; but *all* must give account to Him, and He has graciously and kindly told us in His own blessed book, that He accepts a man in what he has, and not in what he has not; and you know that He was pleased to bless the poor widow in the gospel who cast into God's treasury two mites, which make a *farthing*. Well, this old gentleman and his son looked at each other, and, at first, feared some person must have got intimation of the large sum they had concealed, and taken their own measures for carrying it off. They did not, however, give up their search, on account of their suspicions; but got proper people to bring picks and shovels, and a determined search

was made; when, at length, they got a trace of who the real thieves were, by finding a loose guinea; after a time, another and another came to light, then a mass of gold, and they found themselves on the track of the evildoers; and the fact was apparent. The rats, for the sake of the leathern bags, had undermined the place, and great numbers must have contributed their joint efforts to move such heavy weights; but they dragged the whole mass to a considerable distance, as a few scattered coins proved; they ate the leather, and the whole amount of money was traced out and found, with scarcely one piece missing. Now this fact proves that rats act in concert and by combination, and that they have immense muscular power. I recollect a lady who lived in Queen Street, in Edinburgh, telling me a curious fact she witnessed, which proves the extreme cleanliness of rats. One day after breakfast, I think on a Sunday, when the streets are unusually quiet, she was standing at her dining-room window, looking at the sublime view of the surrounding landscape,—the Grampians in the distance, the beautiful coasts of Fife and Stirling-

shire, and the broad and silvery Frith of Forth glittering in the beams of a bright sun, when she was attracted by seeing a large rat come down her area wall, run along, and climb the opposite wall to the next house, followed by a considerable train of others—some dozens, she said. She wondered at the sight, but went away, and forgot it. Some days afterwards she was again doing the same thing, about the same hour, and she saw the like train of long tails ; they all followed their leader, and she watched for a long time. She was beginning to get tired, when, at length, the same procession re-appeared, down one area and up another. This second day's observation led her to close inquiry ; her servant, who was set to watch them, followed them, unobserved, and it was discovered, that at an unoccupied house, a few doors off, there was a large reservoir of water in the yard, covered over, and this place the rats used regularly as their *plunge* and *swimming* bath, where they sported and amused themselves, cleaned all their coats thoroughly, and then returned to their respective homes ; it was the observer of this curious fact who told me the story, so I believe

it to be perfectly true. Now, Markie, you have some anecdotes of dogs and monkeys, rats, &c., &c. I will wind up this chapter by transcribing for you some amusing verses on a cat. A sailor on board one of our beautiful men-of-war, having committed some offence for which he was to be punished, was condemned to the cat-o'-nine-tails ; when tied up and ready for punishment, he spoke the following lines to his captain, who had an aversion to a *cat* :—

“ By your honour's command an example I stand
Of justice to all the ship's crew,
I'm hamper'd and stripp'd, and if I am whipp'd,
’Tis no more than I own is my due.

In this sad condition I humbly petition
To offer some lines to your eye.
Merry Tom by such trash avoided the lash,
And if fate and *you* please, so may I.

There's nothing you hate, I'm inform'd, like a cat.
Why, your honour's aversion is mine !
If puss, then, with one tail can make your heart quail,
Oh, save me from that which has nine !”

N.B. The sailor was pardoned.

CHAPTER XVI.

Gran. DEAREST Markie, I shall soon leave you for my home in the south of England, and unless you come to see me there, I shall be obliged to have recourse to telling you my stories by letter.

Mark. That will not be near so nice; but tell me something about Devonshire. What is it so famous for? I was there when such a little boy, that I know very little about it, and have nearly forgotten Barcombe.

Gran. Devonshire is famous for its cider and for its scalded cream, which is excellent with strawberries and raspberries when in season, and lately it has been much recommended by physicians to their consumptive patients, instead of the far less palatable cod-liver oil. Had you been old enough when at Constantinople, or when you travelled to

Jerusalem and through Syria, you might remember the "zaourt," which, however, is eaten sour, and the "chimach," which is sweet, both which preparations of cream are made in the same manner as Devonshire cream, and all excellent in their way. Jam and "zaourt" was my favourite dish at tea in the summer, at Constantinople, and it is possible that the Celts, the first inhabitants of England, brought the custom of so preparing cream from the East. The Saxons drove the Britons south, into Devon and Cornwall, and I suppose, therefore, the Devonshire and Cornish people were the most likely to retain the practice of scalded cream. The squab-pie of Devonshire is also said to be common in Asia Minor, and that is made of mutton-chops and apples baked together, and is very good. Brixham, you know, is famous for the landing of King William the Third, and is only six miles from Paignton. The cholera never visited Preston or Paignton, because of their being built in the old red sand-stone district, and in these places it is said never to have carried its destructive visitation; but at Torquay and Brixham it was severely felt, because they are

situated upon limestone. The air of Dartmoor is particularly fine and healthy ; the soil rests upon granite, and the air is dry and invigorating. Exmoor is famous for its ponies and red deer, which latter are extinct in their wild state in all other parts of England ; but on Exmoor they may yet be found in goodly herds, though not in such numbers as in days gone by, when their principal resorts were the covers on the banks of the Tamar, the Tavy, the Plym, the Teign, and the Ton, in Holne Chase, and on the sides of Dartmoor Forest, and, when pressed by the hounds, they often went to Lea, in Torbay. It is said the Prince of Wales has ordered plantations to be made upon Dartmoor, which may tend to keep up the breed of the red deer, and then His Royal Highness may carry on the sport of *rousing* a noble and royal stag in the forests of Exmoor and Dartmoor. When you are older, I will tell you more about these sports of the North Devon men. You would now better understand, and be interested in hearing that Exmoor ponies are famous little creatures for durability and speed ; none can surpass them, for their shaggy mane,

their long tail, and intelligent eye. They are hardy, and can live upon almost anything, and need no stable in the winter. Next to them was the pack-horse, peculiar to Devonshire; they possessed a great deal of character and speed, and were sufficiently fast for stag-hunting; and some beautiful specimens were once to be seen at Castle Hill, when the family there kept the stag-hounds. These pack-horses are now nearly an extinct race. The cows in Devonshire are also famous for giving much milk, and are of a beautiful deep red, with dark spots on them; but I find the little Jersey cows more profitable: and I like them best, they are so tame, and eat so gently out of my hand.

Mark. Grandmamma, you keep bees; tell me a little about them; and do they give you as much honey as Shankey's do, at Hope House? What a nice bee-hive-full Willie brought to you, and how good the honey was, tasting of the heather, and so white and pure-looking.

Gran. I have two hives, but as yet I have never had any honey; and one swarm was allowed to fly away from want of attention; but this summer I

hope to find my busy bees have worked to some purpose in the small hive I have put upon the top of the large one, for that is the best method of obtaining the honey, and by never killing the bees they increase much faster, besides which you avoid the cruelty of killing those industrious and valuable little creatures. They never sting unless provoked. If you pinch them, or breathe on them, they will sting ; or if you attempt to take their honey whilst they are awake, or if they get entangled in anybody's dress or hair ; but never otherwise, unless very, very rarely, when, from some unknown cause, they become exasperated ; and of all times, that of swarming is the one in which they are least likely to sting. Bees have great instinct, and learn, however strange it may seem, to know and be fond of those who are kind to them, in an incredibly short time. This may be proved by gently assisting such as require it ; and remember, also, never to strike at them when they come near, for it naturally enough makes them angry to be so treated. The queen bee lays her eggs at different times, according to the season ; a swarm has been known in March, and also in August, but the usual time is

May and June. The queen goes round the cells and lays her eggs, according as they are to be drones, workers, or queens. The egg is hatched into a grub in about four days, and the workers then feed it with a clear, colourless fluid; after a few days they are covered up, and in twenty-four days from laying they escape full-grown bees. A drone takes twenty-two days, and a queen eighteen. Hüber, the great naturalist, says, in his book upon bees, that if a stock has lost its queen in the hatching time, and there are eggs or grubs not more than three days old at the time of the queen's death, they can take one, and, by giving it stronger food, bring it out a queen. A queen bee will lay two hundred eggs in a few hours, and in the year she will generally have laid twenty or thirty thousand. When, owing to the continued increase of young bees, the hives are too full, and when one of the young princesses is ready, a swarm ensues. Before swarming, the young princess may be heard calling to her future subjects, and then the deep note of the queen may be distinguished, forbidding her to come out yet, for the queen is very bitter against

her royal progeny, and would kill them if she could (for that is the only use she makes of her sting), were she not prevented by the workers ; for though the queen has immense power, yet the government is decidedly a constitutional monarchy. At length the permission is accorded, and the colony starts. When the swarm comes out, it consists of both old and young bees, and, indeed, some say that the old queen leads it, the young one taking the vacant throne. Care should be taken to be near at swarming-time, when the indications of a far greater number of bees than usual, and of their sometimes hanging out in a cluster, are very observable. They should, as soon as settled, be shaken into a hive rubbed with honey, with one good shake, so as to be sure the queen is in, and then set down, having the rim resting on a stone, to allow the numbers of bees who are about to go in. The future position should be a dry place, sheltered from wind and rain, facing south, with, perhaps, an inclination to the east, if they could be protected from that quarter during the easterly winds. The place should be of an even temperature, and not too hot, as heat greatly inconve-

niences the bees ; indeed, a new swarm, when in its hive, before it is set in its ultimate position, should have a cloth round it, to shield it from the rays of the sun if they are powerful, as the heat sometimes causes them to rise and go off ; but after they become settled there is much less chance ; and, even then, a very hot sun greatly inconveniences the bees, and sometimes even melts the combs, and so destroys the hive. If a new swarm do go off, follow them in the exact direction of the wind, as they can fly in no other way. The old straw hives answer the purpose, and are both cheapest and simplest, but the cross sticks usually seen in them are of no sort of use. The hives should be near a small stream of water ; a small pan or two of water would do if they had stones in them for the bees to rest on. I have heard it suggested that the hives should be suspended, and if they were kept from wind, it would be a good thing, as they might hang from a dial-plate, and so the progress of the hive be accurately weighed, and much useful information be gained. Young swarms should be fed for the first few days, whatever be the state of the honey-flowers. This is

done by lifting the hive, and putting the food inside. At other seasons of the year, when the hives are full of comb, it is done by taking out the bung at the top, and laying the honey there, and then covering it with a basin. A full-sized bee weighs rather less than a grain and a half, and a pound has been calculated to contain about four thousand five hundred. Each bee will carry about half a grain of honey, and a strong swarm will make two pounds of honey in a day. They seldom fly more than half a mile, though, if it be a very fine day, and there be any sweet attraction, they will fly as far as two miles, being generally absent from five to fifteen minutes. They feed in the fields, and will not touch honey in summer, unless they are badly off for food. If the year be at all bad, they should be kept fed, and I have known the feeding go on till July in a very bad year. The drones are about three times the weight of the common bees; they are fed by the workers, and only come out for about a couple of hours in the middle of the day to take exercise, remaining at home the rest of their time to take care of the young bees. Wherever you see many drones you

may be pretty sure that there are, or will be, plenty of young bees. A bee lives about a year, and the births and deaths go on for the greater part of the year, though the great mass of young bees are brought to maturity in the spring, after which the drones, being of little or no use, are killed off by the workers. The queen very rarely goes out, but she does occasionally, for air, and she is attended by a body-guard of bees, large and strong, being picked men. They attend her with the greatest care, and serve also to communicate her wishes to the workers; they are, in fact, her household troops. It is also said that they may be seen commanding the other workers in the battles which sometimes occur. Care should be taken not to disturb the hives, as it annoys the bees, and there is also a great chance of breaking the combs and smothering the bees beneath them. The bung at the top should, however, be occasionally taken off, to see whether any honey is made, for, if there is, it is sure to be near the top; if there be, and the honey season is plentiful, small combs, of the same shape as hives, only about five inches across, and the same in height, should be put on the top of

such hives as are strong, and have not had too many swarms. A new swarm ought never, if possible, to be allowed to swarm again ; nor ought an old hive to have more than two swarms. Swarming takes place from the heat of the hive, and if it be kept too cool, they cannot bring the grubs to perfection, and, of course, the more grubs the less honey, for nearly half the bees are sometimes obliged to be in attendance on the nursery. When the combs are thought to be full, take them off. They should hold about ten or twelve pounds, which will be of the very best ; if it have, like mine, a common straw crown, it should be taken off only when the bees are asleep at night ; but a glass bell, covered with a straw crown, would be better ; for when the crown is taken off, the bees will leave the glass, as they cannot bear to work in the light. Bees should always have enough honey to last them out the winter, and a little feeding in October and November is not amiss in light hives. And now I think I have told you as much as you care to hear about bees till you have a hive of your own, and then I can give you some more information. But I will tell you a story

about a horse and some bees. A gentleman at Titchfield kept bees, and the hives were in a field behind his house ; one of his favourite riding horses was turned into this field every evening. One night, however, this horse was heard galloping round and round the field ; but nobody thought there was anything very extraordinary in his doing so, and only supposed he was very frisky. At daylight, however, when the groom went to take him in, he found the poor horse in a dreadful state, and discovered that he had accidentally thrown down one of the hives, and that, in revenge, the bees had stung him nearly to death, and that his mad gallops had been caused by his agonies ; it was three months before he was sufficiently recovered to leave his stable. In the interim the gentleman rode another horse, which was also turned into this home-field every evening, precaution having been taken to fence the hives, so that no horse could again upset them. The bees did not in the least interfere with the fresh horse, nor with several others that were occasionally put into the field for a night ; when, therefore, the favourite was sufficiently well for the gentleman to mount him again,

he was, as before, turned into the field, and, strange to say, was, the next morning, found dead from a second assault of his enemies, the bees.

Mark. Thank you, grandmamma, for so interesting an account, but if bees are so revengeful, I do not think I should like to keep any, and wonder any one else should, for how can you always provide against accidents? and it is shocking to think what would be the consequence.

Gran. The story is quite true, nevertheless; but bees are too useful to be given up; and I think you would be as sorry as most little boys never more to eat honey, or read a story by the light of a wax candle.

CHAPTER XVII.

Gran. If you liked the story of the bees, dear Markie, I can tell you a story the same lady told me of her father, who was very fond of coursing, and kept some beautiful greyhounds. One couple he petted particularly, and they often followed him into the house, to the great discomfort of his wife. There was no keeping them out; if the doors were ever so strictly shut, they would leap in at the windows, even through the panes of glass. The gentleman was a very kind and good-tempered man, and always felt sorry when anything vexed his wife; he therefore made a present of these two greyhounds to a friend of his, a captain in the navy, who had property in the Hebrides. This captain commanded a frigate, and his cruising station was then to be the north-west coast of Scot-

land, for it was then the time of the American war. The captain dined with the gentleman the day before he sailed, and took the dogs with him on board his ship, which was lying at Spithead, and in about a fortnight after he landed the greyhounds in the Hebrides. In about two months after, they crawled into the kitchen of their old master, at Titchfield, in a most pitiable condition, all skin and bone. The gentleman took immense pains to trace their journey, by writing to the mayors of very many large towns, and paying for information, and he succeeded in verifying the fact of their having come overland. They had been seen to get on shore from a provision smack, at a small port in Argyleshire, called Oban, and to make off, apparently without any owner. Butchers and farmers on their route recollected throwing them bones, and observing upon their famished looks. By these inquiries it was made plain, that they had taken as direct a course as if they had carried, and been able to make use of, a pocket-compass.

Mark. That was instinct, indeed, for they had no scent to guide them, poor things; and it is

most wonderful how they could have found their way so far, and across water. A reasonable being could only have done as much by asking his way at every turn of the road.

Gran. This can only be accounted for in one way ; God must give them some power man is not possessed of ; it is one of those many mysteries we cannot account for by common reasoning, and must wait till all things are revealed to us by Him who made and sustains us, to whom be all honour and glory. There is yet another story this kind lady has given me for your amusement and instruction. Three or four years ago, at Grey Friars, Gloucester, they had a very fine St. Bernard dog, and it was supposed that he was not quite the true breed, as he was at times savage. There is a very pretty garden and grounds there, and as the beautiful flower-beds were often sadly disturbed by their neighbour's fowls coming over the wall, and the gardener had a great deal of trouble in driving them back again, and keeping them out, he called Cosmo, a big dog, to his assistance, and told him to help in the chase. Cosmo came very unwillingly at first, as if thinking the

job beneath him ; but when he once set about it, was most furious with the intruders, and fairly frightened them from coming over again, with the exception, however, of a very bold grey hen, who always returned in a few minutes after being driven away, and did more mischief in the beds than all the rest put together. One day, just as the gardener had summoned Cosmo to eject her, his mistress called him to plant a flower, and he left the dog and the hen. When the gardener returned to his work the hen was not to be seen, and the dog was sleeping quietly. For four or five days the garden was the abode of peace, no fowls appearing to disturb it. The gardener was one day sticking a row of peas, when he observed a singular heaving motion in a large ash-heap, which occupied an angle in the garden wall. He stood still and watched it for some time, and felt sure it was some living thing forcing its way upwards ; he went to the heap and carefully removed the cinders with his spade, when, to his great surprise, he there found the poor grey hen, buried in a deep hole, which Cosmo must have scratched, and held her down in it whilst he covered her over

with cinders. She not only was alive, but soon recovered her health on being restored to her owners ; she had also gained experience, for she never ventured over the wall again.

Mark. How clever of Cosmo, though certainly very cruel ; and it is a miracle the poor hen did not expire under such a weight, and nothing to feed upon ; but had not the gardener gone to the rescue, she must have died at last ; like the poor girl you once told me of, who was buried alive by an Indian queen. That was an awful story ; and India has disgraced itself still more shockingly since that occurred.

Gran. Do not let us talk any more of such barbarities, it only rouses a feeling of indignation, and, perhaps, something worse, which Christians ought not to indulge in ; and God has aided us in chastising them sufficiently ; and now I trust much will be done to humanize and Christianize that benighted country. And now I will tell you a story about a little Blenheim ; it belonged to Mr. French, a London merchant, living in Cornhill, about the year 1800. His wife was very fond of animals, as they had no children.

On a summer tour they visited Blenheim, and there purchased of the gamekeeper one of the beautiful little Blenheim spaniels, which became a great pet with both husband and wife, and for five years never was out of their sight, accompanying his mistress when she drove out, and following his master in his walks. At the end of that time the dog was missing ; every inquiry was made for it, the Bow Street officers applied to, and advertisements inserted in the papers, but in vain ; nothing could be heard of it by any means, till about eighteen months afterwards, when suddenly it rushed in at the door, as the servant opened it to the milkman, and ran up to his mistress's room, but in a very dirty state, and covered with pitch and tar. It was, however, joyously received, and made much of, and wagged its tail, as if equally rejoiced to see its friends once more. At the end of three months the dog again disappeared, and returned at the same interval, and thus it went on for about three or four years, without the Frenches being able to ascertain where the little Blenheim could possibly go to. At length the mystery was solved. Mr. French was walking in Hyde Park one day, accompanied by his little

dog, when suddenly it ran up to a man with a weather-beaten face, skipping about, and seeming quite delighted to see him. Mr. French called him off, when the new comer claimed the dog as his property ; an explanation followed. It turned out that the gentleman was the captain of an East Indiaman, and the little dog had followed him on board at the very time the Frenches first missed him, sailed with him in the ship, and became a great favourite with himself and the whole ship's crew. When the ship returned to London, the captain fully intended to take the little dog to his country-house, but suddenly missed him, and did not see him again till the day on which the ship sailed, and this happened each voyage ; the captain therefore concluded the dog must belong to one of the sailors, who probably took him home with him, but feared to claim him whilst at sea. The most astonishing part of the story is, how the dog could know when the ship was ready for sea.

Mark. What a strange taste for a dog to like going to sea, especially one whose nature is sporting and running after rabbits.

Gran. It is, indeed ; but once an animal has

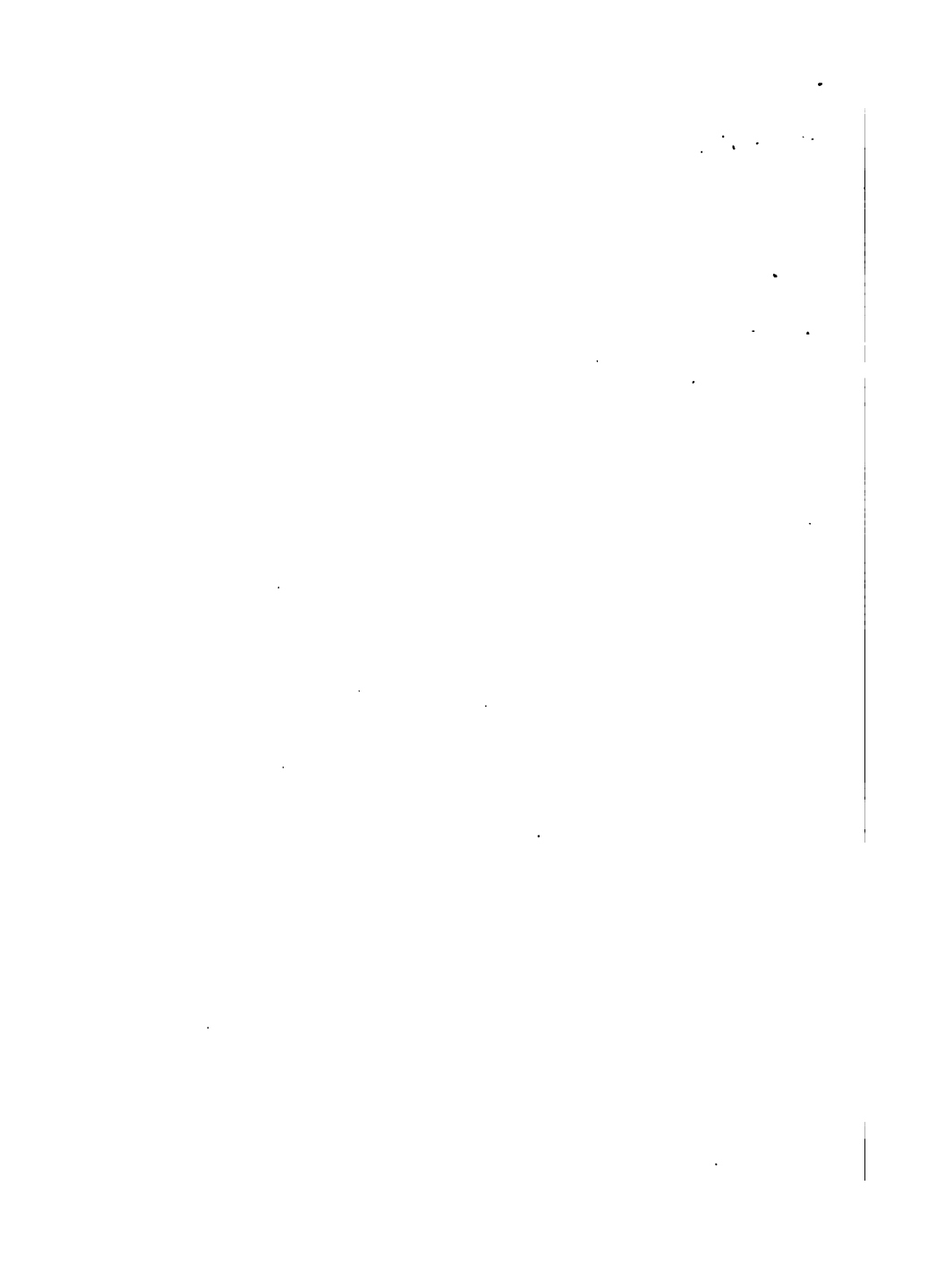
been amongst sailors, they are so very much petted, that they grow very fond of the ship and its company. I suppose that the following the captain at first was accidental, and that afterwards he became attached to him, and liked the amusement and variety of a long sea voyage, and found the air agree with him, as consumptive people do. I had a Blenheim which died of consumption, so I suppose they are very delicate. And now, dear Mark, I hope I have entertained you ; and trusting that you have not only had several tedious hours beguiled by these pleasant meetings, but that you have profited by the stories which I have recited to you, and that you have been able to draw a good moral from them, resolving to be always kind and considerate to dumb animals, and, as far as you can, to induce others to be so likewise ; and that you will see, in these animals, an indication of the tender providence of a good and wise Creator, who ever watches over all His works, we must now pause, till I have made a new collection for you. I trust that you will again come to see me next Christmas, when I promise to have ready for you a *Second Series* of curious and amusing stories, some

of which, I have no doubt, you will think equally interesting, and which have been sent to me by friends, since I began to recount to you those which you have already heard. And now, wishing you a happy Christmas, and hoping we may all be spared to meet again another year, we will take our leave.

Mark. Many thanks, my dear, dear grand-mamma. I shall look forward to hearing several more pretty stories from you ; and, in the meanwhile, I will try to recollect all those you have so kindly told me.



Survey of the First Series, and arrangement of the Second in the distance.



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Second Series

OF

INSTINCT; OR REASON?

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